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John A. Heraud

A Memoir

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MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN A. HERAUD

BY HIS DAUGHTER

EDITH HERAUD

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MEMOIRS OF

JOHN A. HERAUD

CHAPTER I

A POET'S BOYHOOD—A POSTHUMOUS RECORD

In recording the events of my father's life, I must confess to an imperfect knowledge of his early history, comprising an important period before my own birth. He was descended from one of the Huguenot families that came over from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. How long ago is that? Well, never mind. The chronology of the event may be found in the historical records of the time; there is no need to specify it here. I regret that the autobiography, which my father commenced at the advanced age of eighty-one, traverses small ground and arrives at an abrupt termination. For the incidents of the earlier portion of his career, I am greatly indebted to a series of letters, preserved through a number of years, from his friend, Robert Southey, then Poet

Laureate. These letters, with the kind consent of the poet's present representatives, I now propose to place before the public.

I cannot do better than inaugurate this memoir with the brief account which my father himself has given of his early boyhood. Shorn of certain irrelevant matter, in which the writer branches forth into abstruse speculations, the record runs thus:—

I was born on the fifth of July 1799. I was baptized by the Christian name of John Abraham, in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, having been born in that parish. I was early remarked for habits of thought, and a disposition for disputing on religious subjects. Gradually I became more and more argumentative, and grew interested in the questions of the day. Faith and Scepticism, Social Order and Revolution, were familiar themes, and my mind gradually gained facility in their discussion. I remember that grown-up men and women would listen to my opinions, and treat them with respect. Most thought that my destiny was the pulpit, but I reached no higher than the lecture table, and at an early age attained a delivery which was at first condemned as theatrical. But I knew nothing of theatres. I had seen only one drama,

such as it was, and that was one of the famous ghost-dramas enacted in Richardson's booth at Edmonton Fair. It was sufficient, however, to strike the first spark, and suggested the earliest effort. I seemed at once to understand the mode of proceeding, and, purchasing a cheap story-book at a sweet-stuff shop, I converted it off-hand into a brief drama, which I tried to perform in a little playhouse constructed out of a bandbox. I soon abandoned the experiment for want of encouragement, and a year or two subsequently committed the little tragedy to the flames. I had then witnessed Elliston in "The Honeymoon" at Drury Lane, and saw at once the hopelessness of my own attempt. My father also unconsciously contributed to my dramatic development. Turning over one day the contents of his small library, which consisted chiefly of law books, among which the "Statutes at Large" held a distinguished place, and partly of literary works, such as the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," and Smollett's "History of England," he selected a volume of Theobald's "Shakespeare," containing "Hamlet" and "Othello," and a copy of Monk Lewis's tragedy, entitled "Alfonso, King of Castile," together with Lady Montagu's "Critical Dissertation" on the

plays of our great dramatic poet. These he threw towards me, with the remark that they might prove more instructive reading than the pious books to which I had been accustomed. I lost no time in making myself acquainted with their contents, which I found interested me deeply, and kindled in me an ambition that no after discouragement could extinguish.

At the age of twelve, I remember, I was a theological disputant, and accustomed to take an interest in political discussions, by my constant intercourse with my great-uncle, Abraham Heraud, who was of a religious turn of mind, and brought into close relationship with the services of the Church, having become clerk to the Royal French Chapel in St. James' Park. My great-uncle was a favourite with the monarch, George the Third, who thoroughly appreciated his musical gift, and emulated him in its practice by singing with equal loudness the psalms and hymns appointed for public worship.

During this period my great-uncle was a resident with my father, a law stationer, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and was accustomed frequently to bring home reports of what he had heard at chapel of the private habits

of the eccentric monarch, and sometimes repeated occasional conversations which the latter had condescended to hold with him. In this way our family became the recipient of some of the scandals of the court, and sometimes of its political opinions on the public transactions of the day. My interest was naturally excited by such communications, and I was early accustomed to note many of the events of the time in verse, a habit of writing which had grown upon me from childhood. I thus find among my early metrical efforts some stanzas on Napoleon's return from Elba and his first landing in France.

During the year 1815, an event, important to me, occurred in the story of my mental development. I then commenced a narrative poem, entitled "Astrea," originally composed in twelve books, but since reduced to nine. I was at that time employed in my father's business, and practised much in law-writing, acquiring so much facility in it that I generally contrived to do more than an ordinary day's work in the course of the day. As the hours of labour then lasted from nine o'clock A.M. to nine P.M., I had really no leisure. My plan was, to content myself with a few lines of verse each day, sometimes not more

than two, and occasionally extending to ten; these I jotted down, as they arose in my mind, on the paper that I retained under my hand while writing. At the rate, on the average, of six lines a day, this amounted to two thousand one hundred and ninety lines a year. I had formed the habit in my mind of continually meditating the work thus secretly pursued, and at certain intervals a line or two would be produced and preserved. When the day's work was done, these would be copied into the manuscript of the poem to which they belonged. For more than seven long years such was the method of composition that I was compelled to adopt; and even after this strange fashion I served my apprenticeship to the Muse and to the World at the same time. I look back with wonder to the perseverance I thus exhibited in those "prentice" days of my life. In the early morning and the late evening I read what books I could procure.

My readers will be led probably by this account to suppose that my boyhood and youth had been exclusively spent in London. I must correct this impression. I was placed in my childhood under the care of my good mother's parents, who lived at Enfield, Middlesex, in a lane of which, fre-

quented by gipsies, I gained no inconsiderable knowledge of nature, human and scenic, and some acquaintance with the garden attached to my grandfather's cottage. Even after my connection with business I had opportunities for going out of town. My father had bought a small freehold estate at Tottenham, and he was accustomed to take me with him occasionally to this village residence, not, however, without my day's work, which I had there to get through as in London. I was accustomed to spend my mornings in the fields, and get through my copying and engrossing labour in the afternoon and evening. I was enabled to do this by the celerity I had acquired in copying legal documents, and the natural rapidity with which I always wrote. And thus I conducted my "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," in country and town, and was enabled to reap the fruit of such efforts as these by utilising every moment of time.

Meanwhile, what I attempted to do met with no encouragement from my relatives and acquaintances.

Even my dear great-uncle was unable to appreciate the free course my mind was about to take. The boy of twelve years of age had struck out

a path for himself which, to the old man, was strange, and on which he had no counsel to give to his erratic nephew. Nevertheless, we continued to be on the most friendly relations, up to the very moment of his death, which occurred in December 1815, at the age of seventy-six. The good old man left me his books and his organ, and, as the possessor of both, I was proud both of the giver and the gift. But I had lost my companion, and was associated in business with persons who had no sympathy with my pursuits, and whose minds, such as they were, had taken quite a different direction. I soon found that I was living two lives, and that they were living one only, and that so imperfectly that they scarcely knew its duties, its nature, or its probable results. I had frequently to volunteer my instructions on these points, and scarcely got thanks for my pains. As for the second life that I myself was living, it was to them a mystery and a wonder; nay, as Tacitus words it on a similar occasion, "a sublime indiscretion." So far were they from commending me on its account, that I believe they thoroughly disapproved of it, and hated me for the distinction that it made between us. We no longer understood one another, nor could we discourse together

on the same topics. We were opposed as aliens to each other, and were no longer of the same country or kin.

Meanwhile I sat in the same office, at my own desk, doing the work of the day; but inwardly, I was thinking my own thoughts, indulging my own dreams, and forming projects of the present and the future, in which it was impossible that others could participate. I became reserved in my manner, uncertain in my moods, was silent when they wished to talk, and voluble when they were indisposed to listen, neither appreciating the subject or treatment. My mind, too, was growing, theirs standing still; it was also, as they ultimately discovered, productive, while theirs was barren, and thus aimed at an advantage which they were unwilling to concede.

. . . . . .

At this point the pen has fallen from the aged writer's hand, and the record ends.

CHAPTER II

ROBERT SOUTHEY, THE FRIEND AND PATRON—LETTERS

I HAVE already stated that my knowledge of the facts of my father's life at this period is imperfect. He has himself told the story of his early strivings, and described the means by which he fostered his poetical genius. The indomitable energy and perseverance of his manhood were thus foreshadowed in his boyhood, affording a practical illustration of the proverb that "the boy is father to the man." The publication of his two poems, "The Legend of St. Loy" and "Tottenham," bear the early date of 1820, in which year my father attained his majority. His intimacy with Robert Southey seems to have commenced at this period. From what source he had been fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to the then Poet Laureate I do not know. My information is derived solely from Southey's letters, some of which have been preserved until the present time. The first of these letters is dated

December 8, 1820, and is written from Keswick, where the Laureate resided. It acknowledges the receipt of a copy of my father's first book of poems, "The Legend of St. Loy," and minor pieces, and frankly criticises the same. It is an interesting letter. In it the Laureate tenders his advice, and expresses himself deeply interested in my father's progress and welfare. It runs as follows :—

"KESWICK, *8th Dec.* 1820.

"DEAR SIR,—This morning I received your book, which having lain about ten days at Messrs. Longmans', performed its journey to Cumberland by the waggon, subject, moreover, to sundry delays by change of conveyance on the way.

"I thank you for the volume, and for the honourable manner in which you have mentioned me therein. On such occasions as this it is a painful task to reply to an author, if a mere acknowledgment of thanks, couched in the language of common courtesy, is all that I can offer, consistently with truth. But it becomes a very gratifying one, when I can with perfect sincerity give commendation and encouragement. Your legend, though crude in the plan and faulty in composition, as so juvenile a

production needs must be, contains the strongest and most unequivocal proofs, not of poetical feeling alone (which may exist without genius), but of genius also. The interest which this alone would have excited concerning you, is much increased by what I gather of your history from some of the smaller poems, and by the tone of moral principle which everywhere prevails. And when I came to your assertion that no duty has ever been neglected by you for the pursuit of poetry, the main apprehension which I should otherwise have felt for your success in life was removed. Time enough may be found for business and for literature—even by those whose employments are most laborious. I could give you examples of this, but happily you stand in no need of admonition on this score.

"Respecting your progress in poetry, and the course of reading by which your mind is to be enriched and strengthened, it is probably in my power to offer you some useful advice, and perhaps to direct you into a shorter and safer path than you would find for yourself. But I must know more of your circumstances, and schemes, and hopes. Write to me, therefore, as fully as you may feel inclined. Though with more employments than you or any person would suppose, I will yet find

time to advise you faithfully and frankly.—Meantime, believe me to be truly your well-wisher,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The second letter from Robert Southey, written after a short interval, is still more interesting. It is long; but I hope it will not pall upon the reader.

"KESWICK, 16*th Dec.* 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will think that I am damping your hopes, because I tell you that they must be tamed and broken-in to the uses of the world. 'The service of the Muses,' to which you would devote yourself, is in reality very unlike what it appears to a youthful imagination. Their yoke is not easy, neither is their burthen light. Believe me, when I tell you that of all modes of life, that of the man who trusts to his literary exertions alone for support is the most miserable. And the very end at which he aims in his outset—that of improving and exalting his intellectual faculties—is most effectually defeated by the means which he pursues. They are worn and jaded by the daily labour to which they must be subjected; and they are inevitably degraded and polluted by the necessity of writing for immediate effect and sale, and

consequently of following the humour of the times. Poetry will be the delight of your life if you cultivate it for its own sake—your bane if you trust to it for subsistence. In the latter case, it would not be expressing myself too strongly, were I to say that there is danger of destruction both to body and mind—in the former you will find hope, strength, consolation; and, if patience be not wanting, ultimately the honour and the remembrance to which you aspire.

"You must not be discouraged if your 'Legend' finds little or no sale. Not one volume of poems out of twenty that are published pays the expense of publication. Works of this nature which would have obtained general admiration forty and even thirty years ago, are now still-born from the Press: the public appetite being palled, not only by the number of dishes which are set before it, but also by the high spicing with which too many of them are seasoned. And in the poems of a very young writer, the faults lie upon the surface, and are perceived by those (the great majority) who are quite incapable of perceiving the genius which is blended with them, and the seeds of excellence among the rubbish. Be not discouraged at this; but do not think of publishing more at present.

At your age the growth of your mind, when under proper culture, will be so rapid, that before a poem had been published six months, you would wish to alter one half of it and perhaps to strike out the other.

"The first and most important advice which I would impress upon you is to attend to the business of life. In what business are you engaged? And what prospect or hope have you of bettering your condition in it? Let me know your domestic history. I would serve you, if I could, more substantially than by advice alone, but advice is good for something. You have found time to compose a very great number of verses; you will therefore be able to find time for disciplining and storing your mind and laying in knowledge. The great use of youthful composition is to acquire command of language and of versification. Having so far accomplished this, the next task is to learn how to employ that power—what faults to avoid, and at what excellences to aim. It would be useless to send me your 'Astrea'—no bookseller would undertake the risk of publishing so long a poem. In long works the design is of as much importance as the execution; but the art of planning a long work is almost the last which is acquired. In

small pieces there is not that difficulty; and the power of a youthful mind may as well be shown by a short poem as by a long one, by twenty or fifty lines as well as ten thousand. Take, for example, H. K. White and 'The Rosemary,' and Herbert Knowles's poem written in Richmond churchyard. If you have among your miscellanies any pieces which you yourself think good of that length, copy one or two of them in your small handwriting, which can put a great deal in a foolscap sheet, and let me have them when next you write. Your reading should be history, travels, and our best old poets, above all others Shakespere, Milton, Spenser—but above all books the Bible, and upon all accounts. In reading contemporary poets there is a danger of catching their manner, that is to say their faults. Wordsworth is the one, and the only one among them, who is to be reckoned with the great names above.

"For the present, farewell. Be patient and prudent. Remember that happiness is of more importance than fame, and ought to be your first object. With patience and prudence you will attain both. God bless you. Your sincere well-wisher, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Referring to the advice of Robert Southey I may state that my father was for years associated with his father (law stationer) in business. After dissolving partnership with his father (1841) he set up as a law stationer for himself, his office being in Quality Court, Chancery Lane.

The venture was unsuccessful. The duties of a law stationer were distasteful to the poet. There can be little doubt that these duties impeded my father's early literary efforts. Ultimately he relinquished all business pursuits, and devoted himself solely to literature.

One of my father's firmest friends through life was Mr. Richard Stevens, law bookseller; and afterwards, I believe, law publisher, whose place of business was at one time in Carey Street, opposite my grandfather's. Carey Street is now pulled down. The firm of Stevens & Sons is still in existence in Chancery Lane.

Portions of Southey's letters, which refer to matters of which I am totally ignorant, and of which my father has left no records behind him, I shall leave without comment.

The Laureate continued his friendly counsels, as will be seen by the next letter, in which Southey acknowledges the receipt of copies (sent in com-

pliance with his own request) of some of my father's poems, and admits their power. I may here state that I have not found among my father's papers transcripts of any of his own letters to Robert Southey. As the replies of the latter, however, are very succinct, and tell their own story, the reader's imagination will readily supply the missing links.

"KESWICK, 30*th January* 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many causes have prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter so soon as I wished and intended to have done. One of them has been the intention of telling you that you would receive a poem of mine which is at this time in the press, but has been delayed there somewhat longer than I expected, owing in some degree to my distance from London, which occasions great loss of time when anything is to travel backwards and forwards. In less than a fortnight I trust it will be sent to you. It is an experiment in metre, upon which I shall like to know your opinion, your unbiassed opinion, as to the effect upon your own ear.

"The large transcripts which you have made for me serve to prove the same power and

superabundant fertility which are exemplified in your printed volume. What you have to learn is arrangement and compression, or, rather, selection. And when you read, living poets especially, but indeed any poets, seek rather to discover what there is in their style and manner that you should avoid, rather than what you should imitate. The more easily the manner of any poet may be imitated, the more reason is there to suspect that it is faulty—mannerism itself being a fault. It is a chaste and severe style which you should study—not an exuberant one—the perfection of such style is to be seen in Dante, and if you do not read Italian, you may find the austerity preserved in Cary's translation, though the fine movement of the ternal rhyme is wanting.

"A ticket is not required for the British Museum. I believe the form is that you should address a note to the Trustees, requesting permission to read there for some specified purpose; for instance, you might state your wish to consult some works upon British antiquities. There is a translation of 'Geoffrey of Monmouth,' in octavo, by a certain Aaron Thompson, if I recollect rightly.

"The most probable method of obtaining dis-

tinction by poetry and that competent remuneration which would give you the command of your time would be by writing for the stage. As yet your compositions are too wild and luxuriant, but you might try some kind of romantic drama upon a small scale, a thing of three acts — we have seen fairy tales in pantomime — but something of that line with the charm of poetry has not yet been tried.

"With all their great talents, Byron and Keats are the worst writers you could feed upon. Keats buries himself in the exuberance of his ornaments, and Byron makes the characters of his poems as incongruous in themselves as the actions are monstrous which he ascribes to them. There is no dramatic trait in his characters. He represents his own vices, and endeavours to combine with them virtues which never can exist in such fellowship. Farewell, and believe me, yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Southey's prognostic of my father's genius for dramatic compositions was already verified. He had written several dramas, which he forwarded to the Laureate. Southey's opinion of Keats and Byron it is not my province to descant upon.

I proceed to the consideration of the next letter.

"KESWICK, 15*th March* 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—There is no doubt of your powers; there can be no doubt of your success to the height of your ambition when your judgment is sufficiently matured to choose your subjects well, and to feel that the arrangement is not of less consequence than the execution. And this tact you will not be long in acquiring.

"'The Baron of Kendal' is the only one of your plays which I have read—I have not time to read the others (you know not how much I am occupied with works of great labour, more, I verily believe, both in number and magnitude, than any other man ever ventured to contemplate, much less to engage in at one time)—nevertheless I would have read the whole of the manuscripts could it have been of the slightest service to you. But there was no necessity for this. More power cannot be shown than the one displays, and power is all that can be looked for in the productions of one so young.

"In the subject which you have now chosen, I am glad to hear that you mean to follow the historical events. You will thus avoid the main

difficulties of constructing a drama. The historical drama is a distinct species, and one in which great things may be done. You ask me whether Nero's poem is extant—the whole story of his setting fire to Rome has every appearance of mere vulgar calumny, and no such poem ever existed. I believe they were not his own verses which he is said to have repeated.

"In 'The Baron of K.' the story is too shocking —beware of anything monstrous in your fictions. That incredulity and consequent dislike against which Horace warns the poet, is provoked as much by the monstrous in morals, as in the creatures of fancy. If the catastrophe of your story (whether narrative or dramatic) is to be mournful, let it at least be just, or of that kind in which the reader will acquiesce with satisfaction, as being the best termination under the circumstances of the tale. To instance in one of my own works, 'Roderick' is a tragic poem, but the reader can have no wish for a different catastrophe. For all the parties in whom he feels interested it is the best that could have been wished them. But choose in preference, if you can, a fortunate conclusion, especially in the drama, when success so much depends upon the spectators. It is only

the young who can endure to enter deeply into fictitious sorrows: as we grow older the heart stands rather in need of balm.

"The shocking part of 'The Baron' is the first crime, which is so monstrous that it would hardly be endured even upon the Spanish stage.

"It is a great satisfaction to me that you feel the power of the hexameter, though I think you overrate it, and I perceive that you attribute more to the management of the pauses than was ever in the mind of the writer. This is an error of the right kind. I thought a great deal of these things at your age; as I advanced in years I learnt to consider the general style, and if that be what it ought, particular effect will grow naturally out of it as fruit upon the tree.

"You have hit a blot, in p. 22. The last line is bad, the one before it worthless, and the whole passage, to say the least of it, not good. I shall strike out the two concluding lines, and let the rest stand. It is not worth the trouble of mending, if I could mend it. And the passage which immediately follows is relieved by it, to use a painter's term. The first section of the poem is the best, the best lines in point of metre those in p. 29. The best conception in the poem, that

of Junius in his mask; the parts best managed are the ends of the third section, where the matter-of-fact is well shaded off into the imaginative, and the conclusion which relates to the beginning, so as to produce a feeling of completeness.

"The Deluge is a noble subject for which I formed a plan drawn from the state of the present world, and to have been executed in hexameters as far back as the year 1799. You will be struck by this coincidence. That plan is laid aside for ever, my race as a poet being nearly run. I meant to have adopted Burnet's 'Theory of the Earth,' and recommend it to you. If it should not please you for your purpose it will in other respects, as being one of the sublimest works of imagination. God bless you. R. SOUTHEY.

"I have no more influence in the 'Q. Review' than in the H. of Commons, and could just as soon get you a place in the one as in the other."

From this letter it appears that Robert Southey, as well as my father, had at one period entertained the notion of writing a poem upon the Deluge. A singular coincidence, certainly. The notion

abandoned by the one was afterwards carried into execution by the other.

My father accepted the advice of his friend. "The Baron of Kendal," the subject of which was so repulsive, was never issued to the public. In this and the two following letters Southey expresses a decided opinion of my father's genius, which only required time for its development.

The tragedy of "Nero," the historical drama referred to by Southey as my father's latest effort, was soon after completed and forwarded to the Laureate. In due course the reply came as follows:—

"KESWICK, 9*th April* 1822.

"MY DEAR HERAUD,—Your 'Nero' was a long while before it reached me. I have now perused it, and find—what I expected—an exuberance of power which you do not know how to direct. Writers who have the mere talent of imitation (which is all that ninety-nine out of the hundred possess) soon attain to all the perfection of which they are capable, and write as well at sixteen as they would do at threescore. Like ginger-beer, they are soon ripe; but where the liquor is generous, it must have time for ripening.

"I advise you not to publish 'Nero,' because

there is little likelihood that it would pay the expense of publication, and because all it could do for you would be no more than what your 'Legend' has done; that is, it would convey sure evidence of genius to those persons who are capable of discovering it—a much smaller number than is generally supposed.

"Only have patience, and you will surely rise to your natural station.

"You had better let the subject of the Deluge ripen in your mind than begin upon it, till you are better able to construct the plan of a poem. Your easiest way to distinguish yourself is by the drama, and not by aiming at its highest branches at first. Choose some graceful subject with a romantic interest, one which requires more poetry than passion; form your plan first, and if you construct that well, there will be no fear of your failing in the execution.

"One thing more I would say: you may be a great poet without being a classical scholar. Do not suppose that I undervalue the advantages of a regular education; but the attempt to supply by severe application the want of one and to make yourself a scholar, must be deeply injurious to your health, and could not be successful. Remember

how many poets have excelled without *this* kind of learning, for after all this is *only one kind.*

"Shall I keep your manuscript till I have an opportunity of returning it by a private hand, which will surely occur in the course of the summer? You have given a wrong pronunciation to two of the names: the accent in Natalis should be on the middle syllable; in Tigellinus on the last but one. Farewell, and believe me, yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father had not received a university education. Despite Southey's protest, he endeavoured to supply the want of one by long and patient study. The tragedy of "Nero," following the fate of "The Baron of Kendal," was never issued to the public. The subject of the Deluge *was* ripening in my father's mind at the time that he received this advice from his friend and patron.

Southey's next letter (the last in this section) is short and pithy:—

"KESWICK, *26th Aug.* 1822.

"MY DEAR HERAUD,—I have now an opportunity of sending back your tragedy; but time will only allow me to say with it, that in the course of the winter I expect to visit London, and that one

of the first things which I shall do there will be to look for you. For the present it will be of more advantage for you to store your mind by reading than to exercise it much in composition. Command of language you already possess, and every other requisite for a poet which nature can bestow: arrangement is what you have to learn. Your last letter with the account of your brother's death affected me greatly. Take care of your own health, which is best done by keeping your mind tranquil. Be not intemperate in your studies, and be not too eager for that reputation which, sooner or later, you will surely obtain. Farewell, and believe me, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father took a means of preserving his mental tranquillity at the time unsuspected by his friendly correspondent. He was married to Ann Elizabeth Baddams, at old Lambeth Church, on the 15th of May, 1823. This event took place about ten months after the death of his brother Henry, to which allusion is made in Southey's letter. My father had not at this time completed his twenty-fourth year. Hitherto he had resided with his parents at Carey Street and Tottenham; he now

took up a separate residence, first in Gainford Place, and afterwards at 28 Burton Street, of which latter locality I shall have more to say in a later section. Thenceforth he had to gird up his loins, face the responsibilities of his new position, and fight the battle of life in real earnest.

CHAPTER III

SOUTHEY LETTERS (*continued*)

His new responsibilities induced my father to make fresh efforts. He soon gathered around him a circle of friends and admirers, and manifested a tendency to precipitation that was not approved of by his kind and generous patron. This will be seen by the two following letters, in which Southey endeavours to temper the imprudent zeal of his ambitious *protégé*. They are curt, but the reader will, I think, find them interesting:—

"Litane Street, 26*th Dec.* 1823.

"Little leisure as I have during my incessant movements, when every day brings with it its enjoyment, and every hour its business, I should, perhaps, have replied sooner to your letter, could I have done it more satisfactorily. There are few things more unpleasant than to abate the hopes of another person.

"Your scheme is altogether visionary and impracticable. I do not believe you could obtain ten subscribers; I am sure that I could not obtain one

for you; and as for my influence with the King!! it is about as much as yours with the Lord Chancellor, and not a jot more. You are too hasty, and will spoil a fair harvest if you cut it while green. Whatever power he might possess, no man ever attained to greatness unless he worked his way patiently. There is no way of getting up the hill but by climbing it.

"Were the poem of yours finished, I should *not* advise you to publish it till some years had passed over your head. The proper course for you is to increase your means by writing (if you can obtain employment there) in the periodical publications,—offer a ticket now and then to the lottery of the theatre,—and work up a great poem at leisure. "The Deluge," if now completed and published, could do no more than your existing volume has done—it could only prove your power, and hold out a promise of better days, when your mind shall be fully matured. Was my mind even so at your years?

"Whatever you may think of my advice now, there will come a time when you will perceive that it is the best which could be given you. God bless you.—With sincere good wishes,

"R. SOUTHEY."

"LITANE STREET, *29th Dec.* 1823.

"For reasons which you may easily divine, I found it necessary some years ago to form a general resolution that I would neither review the poems of any living writer in my own country, nor give a public recommendation of them before they were published.

"Of your power for poetry no person can think more highly than I do. But it is with the human mind as it is with generous vines—the best require the longest time for ripening. It will be to your own sure disappointment and injury if you gather the green fruit.

"It is not in my power to read your second book, every hour being fully and pressingly engaged till the afternoon of Friday, when I leave town.

"I heartily wish you well, and as the best proof of it beseech you to bear in mind that nothing can be so injurious to your future success as precipitation. No man ever published prematurely without repenting it. There is even a danger (and no slight one) that disappointment may excite disgust, and act upon your own mind like a dead palsy. And disappointed you will

be if you hastily send forth what ought to be the work of years. God bless you.—Yours very truly, "R. SOUTHEY."

In the preceding correspondence, Southey alludes to my father's poem of "The Deluge," completed and published years afterwards. There is a lapse of two years between these and the date of the next letter, during which my father had made a considerable stride in literature.

The following letter relates to personal matters, interesting to those readers who specially admire the works of one of England's greatest writers :—

"KESWICK, *Nov.* 19, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your last letter arrived two days after I had written to you. I reply to it that I may thank you for reviewing the "Tale of Paraguay"; that I may signify the satisfaction I shall have in accepting the proposed honour from your Society; and that I may set you right upon a matter concerning myself, wherein you seem to entertain an erroneous opinion.

"Reputation has not brought with it affluence to me. I write in the "Quarterly Review" because I could not subsist without it; because

three-fourths of my expenditure must be earned at the desk; and, with all my reputation, reviewing is the most gainful way in which I can employ myself. At this, therefore, I work as a duty—at other things by inclination. Wordsworth has a regular income adequate to his support, and, therefore, may do as he likes.

"My feelings are in no degree turmoiled by this occupation. I meddle not with the censure of contemporary writers for two reasons: because I would never criticise a living writer so as to wound his feelings or injure his fortunes, unless there was a strong moral motive; bad books, if they are harmless, may very well be let die of themselves; and because applications are so frequent for me to review works which I could not honestly commend that a general rule was necessary for self-defence, that I might always have an answer. My papers in the 'Q. R.' are moral and historical essays, and biographical and literary.

"*I* am at an age when other pursuits interest us more than that of poetry. The ardour of youth is gone, and the faculty with which I could produce verses and satisfy myself with them when they were produced. As a poet I have done enough to be remembered, though less perhaps than I had pro-

posed to myself, and (under more favourable circumstances) might have accomplished. But I have done enough. I have more pleasure in research than in inventing, in storing my own mind with knowledge than in peopling it with fancies. I desire to act upon my fellow-creatures now and hereafter according to the light which I possess and the principles which I know to be effectual for the happiness of individuals and for the public weal. And to this object all my prose writings are primarily directed.

"There is something grand in your conception of a series of dramas. I know not whether it ought to be an objection that the times of which you would treat are so recent. Shakespere did not feel it such. Stronger passions were never at work than in the course of that Revolution, nor are more tremendous incidents anywhere to be found. The difficulty will be in selecting and arranging them; and the doubt whether the subject is too extensive, too momentous to be dramatically treated. Milman (to my feelings) has failed in his tale of 'Jerusalem' from this cause.

"I am very glad that you have sent a paper to the 'Q. R.' As a prose writer you have only to abstain from effort, which you can well afford to do.

"Trust yourself to your subject; good matter will support itself, and you will naturally warm and rise whenever the theme requires it. God bless you. ROBERT SOUTHEY."

I do not know to what society Southey refers in this letter, or the nature of the honour offered to and accepted by him. That the poet was not in affluent circumstances is evident; and, with all his success, it does not appear that he had arrived at the summit of his ambition. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the letter is where he contrasts his own position with that of his friend, William Wordsworth. I am not in possession of the whole of Southey's correspondence at this period, and the next letter, in which the Laureate consents to become sponsor to one of my father's children, is dated more than two years later. It possesses points of interest, and runs as follows:—

"KESWICK, *Feb.* 4, 1828.

"MY DEAR HERAUD,—I will very willingly become sponsor to your son. Do not, however, defer the ceremony in expectation of my appearance in London, which many contingencies may prevent. Act you as proxy for me, and give him, if you

think fit, a name which I hope may prove more auspicious to him in the way of worldly prosperity than it has done to any who have ever yet borne it.

"You give me just credit for the will to serve you, and I wish that my power to do so were commensurate with it. Let me in like manner accept the will for the deed in the instance of your proposed dedication, because I agree with Mr. Lockhart in thinking that such a poem had better stand upon its dignity, and be presented to the world without any address either to an individual or the public. That a dedication to me would draw upon you a declaration of war in many journals of all kinds is a consideration which I know you will disregard; but this other reason ought to have due weight with you.

"I agree with him also in advising that the trinal rhyme should be printed consecutively, and not in divisions, the measure being in fact as consecutive as blank verse; but I would indent the lines according to the metre, hereby denoting to the eye that they are neither blank verse nor complete. And in opposition to his opinion, I agree with Wordsworth in thinking that the measure is singularly appropriate to such a subject and to a strain of sustained solemnity.

"I heard much displeasure expressed at the criticisms upon Horace Smith's novels, not so much with reference to its justice or injustice, as to the invidious appearance which it bore in appearing with the sanction of Sir Walter's son-in-law. Acrimonious criticism is always unpleasant to me, except when moral principle calls for judicial severity. Novels of this kind or any other, except when there is that surpassing merit which is not found in one of a thousand, are the mere butterflies of the season; however much they may be admired when fluttering in the sunshine, they get into holes and corners at the close of the summer, and are seen no more. But Horace Smith has written light verses which are likely to be remembered.

"If the 'Foreign Review' (not the 'For. Quarterly') should last, as I hope it may, would you like to write for it? If so, and any subject occurs to you as one which you would willingly undertake, let me know, and I will apply to the editor. Of course, you will understand that in this introduction I can promise nothing more than my good will and good word, but with good hope that they may be effectual. Farewell, and believe me, yours very truly, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father's first epic, "The Descent into Hell," is the poem alluded to in this letter. The proposed dedication was never abandoned, notwithstanding Southey's protest and the opinion of Mr. J. G. Lockhart. The *Terza Rima* was also printed in divisions, and not consecutively, as advised by the aforesaid gentlemen, my father preferring to use his own judgment in that matter. Of the metre itself and its appropriateness to the subject, Lockhart and Wordsworth seem to have entertained a difference of opinion.

My father became a contributor to the "Foreign Review," and in the course of the next twelve months completed his poem, "The Descent into Hell." Previous to its publication, he had forwarded a copy to William Wordsworth, whose opinion of it is contained in the following letter from Robert Southey:—

"KESWICK, 11*th April* 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Wordsworth has seen your poem, and has such an opinion of the power evinced in it as you would wish him to have formed. But he desires me to caution you against the too continuous exertion of that power—against that redundance which is your besetting sin—and against

those efforts of style, which are more effective when they are less perceptible, and where they are sometimes omitted. Strong liquors are long in ripening, and in yours the fermentation is not over nor the lees settled yet.

"Your MS. is tied up waiting for an opportunity to send it without the unconscionable charge of carriage; but it occurs to me that the volume must now be so far through the press, that it may, perhaps, or probably not, be worth while to send it back, for any use that can be made of it in correcting the press. If I am wrong, you will tell me, and if not it shall take its place among the things which I prize.

"Compression is the one thing which you have to learn from Dante. As you are writing the lives of the English philosophers, it may be worth while to tell you (on the chance of your not having seen the book), that in Forster's 'Mahommedanism Unveiled,' Bacon the later (and the lesser) is convicted of having dealt most disingenuously with the great Roger, his namesake, Roger having in fact opened that path in which he trod. The facts as shown by Forster sink Lord Bacon lower than the sentence which was pronounced against him, for they affect his moral character more deeply.

Had the *Opus Majus* perished, he would have appropriated to himself the palm which Roger had deserved. Forster's is a very able book, and is a most consolatory one for the light which it throws upon the past, and which is reflected upon the future.—Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY."

The MS. was, I believe, left in the possession of Southey to take its place among the things he prized. The poem, however, was not presented to the public until the following year. The "Lives of the English Philosophers" was an onerous task undertaken by my father; but I am not sure that the work was ever published. The "Descent into Hell" was published by James Fraser (1830), and established my father's reputation as a poet. It was dedicated to Robert Southey, and received the highest encomiums from the public press.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTHEY LETTERS (*continued*)

My father's progress in literature was now rapid. He became attached to a number of periodicals. Of these I may mention the "Quarterly Review," the "Foreign Review," the "Foreign Quarterly Review," the "Church of England Quarterly Review," and the "Home and Colonial."

In 1830 my father was appointed to the editorship of "Fraser's Magazine," a post which he held until the year 1833. But he remained a contributor to the magazine for some years after.

The following letter from Robert Southey contains an interesting account of his (Southey's) own life. The immediate cause that called forth this confidential communication I can only guess at. The inference from the letter is that my father was engaged in writing the lives of Southey and Wordsworth, and had applied to the former for the necessary facts and data. An account of Southey's life contained in Galignani's edition of his poems is repudiated by the poet. The letter is full of interest.

KESWICK, *2nd April* 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I mentioned you to Mr. Gleig because the more strings you have to your bow the better.

"But I wish your engagement with him had been for a work more useful in itself and more respectable for a series of which it is to form a part. It is catering for vulgar curiosity and taking a very low ground instead of high one, which I understand from Mr. Gleig his book was intended to occupy.

"It is impossible to write fully and fairly of living writers without, on the one hand, breaking in upon what ought to be considered the sacredness of private life, and, on the other, without drawing upon yourself a host of enemies.

"There is a minute account of my life prefixed to Galignani's edition of my poems—it is full of details, every one of which is either utterly without foundation or more or less incorrect.

"I was born in Wine Street, Bristol, Aug. 12, 1774. My father was a linen-draper; he failed in 1790—or 91—and died in 1792, broken-hearted. A large property was willed away from me and

my brother, by my father's elder brother, to the younger one, some twelve or fourteen years afterwards, and finally by that younger one to strangers, no offence, real or imaginary, having ever been given on my part. The late Lord Somerville deprived me of another good property, which he inherited from his mother's uncle, and which was entailed on me. To that property I was also heir-at-law—but he succeeded, after long Chancery suits with my uncle, in setting aside the entail, and then disposed of the estates.

"I was placed at Westminster School by my maternal uncle, Mr. Hill, then Chaplain to the Factory at Lisbon. He sent me afterwards to Oxford (Balliol College). I remained there only two years, and then left it with the intention of trying a political experiment in the back settlements of America. Finding that impracticable, I entered at Gray's Inn, and kept some terms there, but going to Portugal a second time (this time for my health), in 1799, I dropt a pursuit for which I had no liking. I came here in 1803, waiting an opportunity of obtaining an official situation at Lisbon, which would enable me there to pursue my favourite intention of writing the history of Portugal and all its dependencies. Political events

put an end to that expectation in 1807, and then I fixed myself here, devoting my life to literature, and with a determination that nothing should withdraw me from that course.

"These are all the facts which there can be any necessity or excuse for writing. Memoirs of my own literary and intellectual life I shall leave behind me; but I shall not open my heart for daws to peck at while I am living. The rest you will find in the series of my works.

"Wordsworth's copy of your 'Descent,' I know, has been received, for it came enclosed to me in a parcel from Longmans'. Mine will probably arrive with the first consignment from Murray's.

"His life has been even less eventful than mine; nor is anything more to be said of it than what you will find accompanying his portrait in the 'N. Monthly Magazine,' where there are a few dates correctly given.

"The account of my way of life, and course of study, given by Galignani in extracts from Hazlitt, is so entirely false, as to be matter of merriment to those who know me. He never saw me at my studies, nor among my books, and knew as little of my habits as you do.

"I have no thought of seeing London this year. Farewell, and believe me always, yours very truly, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Southey was right. Wordsworth had duly received his copy of "The Descent into Hell." I give the following extract from a letter which my father received from William Wordsworth, dated Cambridge, Nov. 23, 1830:—

"Your poem is vigorous, that is enough for me. I think it in some places diffuse, in others somewhat rugged, from the originality of your mind. . . . Your poem will take its shape and proportion, as a true doer, from the vital principles that actuate it. . . . Trust, again I say, to yourself. Believe me, with sincere respect, your admirer,

"WM. WORDSWORTH."

During the next four years my father completed his second epic, "The Judgment of the Flood." Having in view the issue of this poem, my father wrote to his friend for advice upon the subject of remunerative arrangements with publishers, also upon the general construction and composition of important poetical productions. In due course he received the following answer:—

"My dear Sir,—I have had advice enough upon the construction and composition of my own poems to know how little it is worth. It may be of considerable use in teaching one who is learning the art of poetry what he is to avoid, but there, I think, its use ends. He who has acquired the art is likely to do better by pursuing his own plan, and working out his own ideas, than by attending to the suggestions of others.

"When I say that redundance is the fault into which you are continually tempted — it is only saying what you must be conscious of yourself. It is more easy to lessen this fault in revising a poem than to abstain from it while composing.

"You could not apply to a worse person than myself for counsel as to any dealings with publishers. My general practice is to let them take the whole risk of the work and give me half the eventual profits. That is after the costs of publication are defrayed, a third of the surplus goes as the allowance of the trade (this used to be Longmans' allowance—Murray allowed somewhat more than a third), half of the remainder then comes to me. The publishers have then the lion's share—but they have the lion's power,

and can always help themselves, which an author cannot. Your plan is a good one, and can hardly fail of success. I am sorry you are disappointed in your clerical views. The clergy may have much to go through in these portentous times, but that the issue will be to their honour and to the good of the Church I do not doubt, though it is not likely that I shall live to see the end of the trouble. Unluckily for those who are engaged, there is no profession which in such times suffers so much as that of literature. God bless you.—Yours very truly,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"KESWICK, *22nd April* 1834."

That same year "The Judgment of the Flood," issued by James Fraser, was launched upon the public. Its success was unequivocal.

Among my father's remains I have found an odd slip of paper, on which is curiously inscribed the following:—

"In a letter to Mr. Morgan from Mr. Thomas Ragg, the poet, at Nottingham, he says, 'Please to thank Mr. Heraud next time you see him for the pleasure I derived from reading his "Judg-

ment of the Flood," which, I think, is unquestionably the first poem of the age.—17*th Dec.* 1837.'

"Will you be kind enough to lend us the 'Judgment of the Flood.' W. O."

The document gives no particulars of the said Thomas Ragg, except that he was a poet, and lived at Nottingham.

A new and revised edition of "The Judgment of the Flood" was published by David Bogue, in 1857.

Southey's next letter acknowledges the receipt of the second edition of "The Descent into Hell." It also mentions the death of his godson, Robert Southey Heraud, who passed away from this life just as the dedication to the new edition of the poem was passing through the press.

Considering the terms of Southey's letter in which he consents to become sponsor to the boy, and requests my father to give him a name which he (Southey) hopes "may prove more auspicious to him in the way of worldly prosperity than it has done to any who have ever yet borne it," the death of the child at the early age of seven years is, to say the least, a strange coincidence.

The following letter is also interesting, from the fact that it speaks of a great family affliction —the calamitous nature of which is best told in the Laureate's own words:—

"KESWICK, *April* 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The second edition of your 'Descent,' with your letter of the 2nd, have this day reached me. That which announced the death of my godson and contained your striking ode upon that event, took a wide circuit, and found me too much impressed with troubles of my own to reply to it as I should otherwise have done.

"My stay in London was only of a few days, not more, indeed, than one of necessity. I was on my way to the coast of Sussex, there to leave my only son with his brother-in-law. From thence I hastened to the North, but not to my own house.

"It has pleased God to visit me and mine with the severest of all afflictions, those only excepted which are aggravated by guilt. Last autumn I was under the necessity of taking my poor wife to the Retreat for Lunatics near York; and after six months' residence there, the medical attendants held out no hope of her restoration.

I have brought her, therefore, home, and, in consequence of her return, more hopeful symptoms have appeared than during the whole of her continuance at the Retreat. Still the prospect is a dark one; but I have great comfort in my daughters, and we look for consolation and support to the only source of both.

"To that source you have applied yourself under your visitation. I, who have lost (for this life) four children out of eight, know what your feelings must have been, and will be.

"The 'Descent' in its revised state I shall read at leisure. 'Uriel' and the Odes I have read —like everything of yours, they bear the strong stamp of power.—Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Between this and the date of the next letter (the last on my list) there is an interval of two years. My father had forwarded to his friend a copy of his last book, entitled "Voyages up the Mediterranean of William Robinson." The Laureate also expresses himself weary of the world and its doings, and looks forward to a period (not far distant) when his work will be completed. The envy and ill-will to which authors are sub-

jected, and of which my father seems to have complained, is graphically described by him, and turned to the author's ultimate advantage. Like all Southey's letters, it tells its own story, and needs little comment. It runs as follows:—

"KESWICK, 16*th September* 1837.

"MY DEAR HERAUD,—Your book reached me this morning, and I thank you for it. I had no recollection of your intention to publish it, and this you would not wonder at if you knew the distractions to which I am always liable, and the state of continual uneasiness in which, for the last three years, I have lived. It is more than four years since anything of mine has appeared in the 'Q. R.' My intercourse with it is about to be renewed, but it will be very rarely that I can contribute to it. I am now in my sixty-fourth year, and have no time to spare for desultory employment. But though I shall not be able to review your book, I can throw in a note concerning it so worded as just to suit for extracting in an advertisement. For I have engaged to supply a paper upon Sir Thomas Browne's works, and one of his sons was much such a sailor as young Robinson, so that a serviceable mention may with great fitness be introduced.

"'Frazer's Magazine' never comes in my way. The 'Ch. of E. Quarterly' I happened to see lately, and recognised you in it. As for uncharitableness and ill-will, every one who appears in the pit of literature must expect to meet with them, whether he be in a situation to be envied or not. After a certain degree of reputation has been obtained, they cease to be injurious; and indeed become serviceable by making him more talked of, and keeping his name before the public. Authors are now so numerous, that those who are neither hooted nor huzzed are overlooked in the crowd. You are in no such danger. That literature is not in a wholesome state is certain; and how can it be, when it is so closely connected with trade, and dependent upon fashion?

"I am winding up my accounts with the world, and when I have completed my history of Portugal and of the Monastic Orders (if it please God that I should live to complete them), my work will be done.

"The revision of my poems for the collective edition which you have seen announced would, under any circumstances, have been at my age a serious (not to say a solemn) task. But circumstanced as I am it is sometimes peculiarly painful.

I have touched in the preface upon such general considerations as make it a melancholy office—the rest may be told hereafter. The volumes shall be sent you as they are published. You will find material alterations in 'Joan of Arc'—not in the conduct of the poem, but in the composition throughout, and occasionally in its opinions, or rather feelings, expressed.

"Some of the juvenile and minor poems have also been from time to time corrected, as corrections occurred, and have now undergone as much further emendation as they were worth. The success of the speculation depends much more upon the aid it may receive from reviews and newspapers than upon any other cause. It was the publishers' proposal, not mine; and their motive, not that there was any call for such an edition, but that probably it might produce a demand, and, moreover, if it were not tried, Galignani's edition would have the market to itself. On my part the chief consideration was, that unless on the spur of such an occasion I should never have the heart to set about such a revision of the poems as they deserved, and as was due to my own reputation. God bless you.—Yours very truly, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

This proved to be the last letter that my father was to receive from Robert Southey, who died in 1843.

About this period the late Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks made the acquaintance of the author of "The Judgment of the Flood," and shortly before her death was kind enough to send me the following account of her recollections of my father :—

"My first acquaintance with Mr. J. A. Heraud was not personal. It was literary, and through the medium of a large folio magazine, which he published and edited, and to which I subscribed.

"It would be about the year 1839 or 1840, when I was in my nineteenth year. As far as I can remember, the 'Sunbeam' was a curious medley. Besides the fiction, which has all passed out of mind, there were some attractive songs, set to music by Carlo Minasi, whom my father had known when the young musician was a boy. There were also dramatic chapters by the editor, and leaders, or other papers, from the same pen, far too recondite and philosophical for the intelligence of the present writer, or of any girl in her teens before the days of Newnham and Girton. I have a notion they had some connection with

the Syncretic Society, which Mr. Heraud had founded, or was founding, about that time. I think the magazine only lived a year, at least, I only had one volume, which I had bound, more, I am afraid, for the songs than for the philosophic papers. Many, many years after I heard from Mr. Heraud's own lips that the 'Sunbeam' was quenched in night, because it took the sunbeams out of his pocket.

"My first personal acquaintance with Mr. Heraud must have taken place about 1863, when we were tolerably near neighbours in Islington, he and his family living in Cloudesley Terrace, we in Cloudesley Square. Mr. Banks had met him previously, both at the Urban Club, St. John's Gate, and in other literary or dramatic circles. It was at that time and place the suggestion was made to celebrate the ter-centenary of Shakespeare by the erection in London of a suitable statue—a proposal which, after considerable vapouring, ended in the planting of a young oak-tree from Windsor Forest (presented by her Majesty the Queen) on Primrose Hill, and its baptism by myself—as Miss Eliza Cook's substitute—with water from the River Avon, as 'The Shakespeare Oak,' Mr. Banks being one of the honorary sec-

retaries of the Working Men's Committee. But whatever the ultimate result of the movement might be, it served to bring into frequent communion Shakespearian scholars, actors, critics, and admirers of all degrees, and amongst those who met at our house Mr. Heraud was one of the most frequent. No doubt the circumstance of my early acquaintance with his dramatic work, through the medium of the 'Sunbeam,' was a coincidence which seemed to make us quite old friends at once. Then our families became intimate, and from circumstances connected with the early career of their eldest daughter, communicated by Mrs. Heraud, a very close friendship was cemented between Edith Heraud and myself, having respect and esteem for its basis.

"Mr. Heraud was rather short in stature, but he had a leonine face and beard, a flowing mass of wavy hair, already silvering, and a supreme consciousness of his own powers, that gave a dignity to his carriage, in which his deficient inches were forgotten. He had been the friend and correspondent of Southey and Wordsworth, the associate of men with whose works I had been familiar from girlhood, and of actors my family and I had known in those years.

"Early in our acquaintance he presented me with his long epic, 'The Judgment of the Flood,' which I religiously read from beginning to end. 'The Inner Life of Shakespeare,' a scholarly work published in the ter-centenary year, I read and reviewed with a higher appreciation of Mr. Heraud's genius than I had previously held. Now the book has found its way into all good Shakespearian libraries, but the author reaped no benefit in his own day.

"I consider that I myself owe no little to Mr. Heraud's sensible and unbiassed criticism not only of my own work, but of that of others. If I had a poem fresh from my pen when he chanced to stroll in, he was always ready to give his opinion thereon. So when I began 'God's Providence House,' I submitted the opening chapters to him. He interrupted his reading with the query, abruptly put, 'Have you read much of Maria Edgeworth's?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Everything.' 'I thought so,' said he quietly, and went on with his reading.

"'Yes, yes, that will do. Go on. It bids fair for success,' was his verdict, as he laid the MS. down — encouragement very valuable to me, for I was in ill health then, and needed it. A severe illness prostrated me about that time, when Mr.

Heraud very kindly brought for my perusal books received by him for criticism. I remember 'The Ring and The Book' and Morris's 'Earthly Paradise' were two out of the many.

"There was one peculiar dogma he maintained with great persistence, and that was, 'that it is not necessary for a poet to understand his own poems.' This was enunciated first on my seeking the elucidation of a mystical passage in his poem 'The Angel of the Ages'; and though we argued the point right and left, and returned to it at long intervals, neither convinced the other.

"Mr. Heraud had always a paternal and kindly smile upon his face, and became a great favourite with the children, who were very young when he first came to visit us. They would cluster round to have a chat with him or listen to oracular utterances beyond their comprehension. I often heard his sayings repeated—one is still a household byword to this day. Long after we had left Islington, and were living opposite to Victoria Park, where the critic and philosopher came less frequently, owing to distance, increasing age, and many infirmities, he paid us one of his rare visits. It so happened that some time previously an after-dinner discussion on the relative merits of

our English poets had been carried on between a few of the literary guests at Mr. G. W. Simpson's, in Canonbury Park, when we were present. The gentlemen had just filed in from the dining-room, and Mr. William Sawyer, carrying on a previous conversation on poetic status, with some little assumption said, 'And where shall we place Burns and Byron?' proceeding to give peasant and peer a very low shelf indeed. As these twain occupied an elevated platform in Mr. B——'s estimation, in reporting the remark to our old friend he drawled out the words in admirable mimicry of Mr. Sawyer's speech.

"The effect on Mr. Heraud was electrical. He drew his little figure up to its grandest proportions, and, with a loftiness which out-Herauded Heraud, asked, 'And pray, *who* constituted William Sawyer a judge of poetry?' The tone, the manner were alike irresistible, and the saying passed with variations into household use. The ludicrous side of his own query had not struck the aged critic.

"There was a marked change in the old man by that time. He had taken less care of his attire after the death of his excellent wife, and pecuniary cares, which had previously devolved upon others, then crowded upon him. To lighten them he was

offered one or two homes, with pensions attached, in the gift of the Royal Literary Fund, but he told us these places were too far away to permit his retention of his long-held posts as dramatic critic to the "Athenæum" and the "Illustrated London News." Finally, he was inducted into the Charterhouse, where he had very comfortable quarters, surrounded by books, pictures, statuettes, and other relics of his old home and literary associations.

"I have omitted to say anything of our friend as we met him in literary circles, such as assembled round the fireside at Dr. Westland Marston's, or at Mr. John Forbes Robertson's, or I should expand these recollections unduly, and entrench upon his daughter's province, who will now tell her father's story. ISABELLA BANKS."

CHAPTER V

A KALEIDOSCOPIC RETROSPECT

My own recollections date from the period of my sixth or seventh year. Of course, at that early age, those recollections are dim and desultory. I remember the house in Burton Street where I was born, and where my father achieved some of his modest literary triumphs. The street was quiet and dingy, and the houses tall. From the top there was no thoroughfare. The space was blocked up by a large house and garden, in which lived Major Britten, a notable person in his time, who was frequently to be seen on horseback galloping down the street in full uniform. On the opposite side of the way, a few houses lower down than my father's residence, lived Mrs. Mendelssohn and her daughter, teachers of music. I remember how I revelled in the Euterpean strains that, from the drawing-room opposite, came wafted on the summer air in at the open window of the room in which I sat and listened to them. But these were not the

only musicians the street boasted. On the other side of the road, at the second street corner, resided Mr. Lincoln, a noted musical critic attached to one of our leading weekly periodicals. But the most notable person in the street, residing only one door apart from my father's house, was Dr. Charles Mackay, the author of "Cheer, boys, cheer," and deservedly the most popular song-writer of his day.

I remember him well, a mild, benevolent-looking gentleman, with a singularly soft voice and gentle exterior. I think he had long hair; but I am not quite certain. He was quiet and reserved, and seldom seen in company, being known among his friends as an indefatigable worker.

Then his wife was celebrated as the prettiest woman, not only in Burton Street, but the surrounding neighbourhood; and his daughter, Rosa Mackay, was the loveliest little girl—I was going to say in London, but I think I should be nearer the mark if I extended the circle, and said—the whole of England.

Thus Burton Street in those days was a notable street, with a quiet, aristocratic air about it singularly imposing; afterwards it became a wilderness of houses let out in tenements, at the

open windows of which appeared men in shirt-sleeves, smoking pipes, and nodding familiarly to the noisy, dirty little urchins playing below. I had occasion to visit the street some years ago, and stood aghast at the change. "Oh! what a falling off was there!" Verily, I looked upon it as a sign of the general abandonment and degeneracy of the time.

I may state that my father had many friends, and his house was visited by many celebrities, literary and dramatic. I remember Mrs. Harriet Downing, author of "The Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse." A portion of these appeared first in the "Monthly Magazine," a periodical which my father edited. She was a lively, talkative, podgy little woman, and my godmother. For a long time I believed her to *be* a monthly nurse, real and *bonâ fide*, in other words, professionally. This, however, was erroneous. "The Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse" were afterwards issued in a volume, and achieved considerable popularity.

My retrospect includes, at this period, James Westland Marston, author of a successful play entitled "The Patrician's Daughter"; Mr. T. K. Hervey, editor of the "Athenæum"; Mrs. Warner,

a worthy successor of the great Sarah Siddons, who was then enacting some of Shakespeare's sterner heroines at one of the patent theatres; James Garth Wilkinson, a famous professor of the new science of medicine, then in its infancy, called Homœopathy; and Jack Robinson, known as the most skilful dentist of his day.

In connection with "Jack" Robinson, the eccentric surgeon-dentist, I may relate an anecdote which, though the incident occurred many years later, will not be out of keeping in this place.

Mrs. James William Wallack, who, in conjunction with her husband, was at the time manageress of the Marylebone Theatre, went to Mr. John Robinson, at his residence in Gower Street, for dental assistance. Mr. Robinson was noted for the courtesy he extended to all members of the theatrical profession, from not one of whom was he ever known to accept a fee. After her mouth had been carefully examined and a tooth skilfully extracted, Mrs. Wallack took a guinea from her purse, the dentist's ordinary fee to paying patients, and offered it to him. Mr. Robinson started, drew his body up to its full height, and, inserting his two hands in his waistcoat pockets, said, somewhat pompously,

"Mrs. Wallack, when a good *fat bishop* comes to me to have his mouth examined, I know my man, and I charge full fees; but when a member of the dramatic profession or the literary world makes his or her appearance in my surgery, I accept no guerdon." "Very well, Mr. Robinson," said Mrs. Wallack, "if you don't want the guinea, I *do*." And she replaced the money in her purse with undisturbed equanimity.

Then the house in Burton Street was visited by several vegetarians. At that time vegetarianism was coming to the fore, and a large number of people were enlisting under its banner. My mother was a strenuous opponent of it, and looked with suspicion on all its advocates. But then she had a reason. Most persons whose feelings are strongly excited against any particular system or order of things have a reason. My mother was acquainted with a lady vegetarian who delivered lectures on the subject, holding forth with elocutionary skill upon the mischiefs resulting from imbibing animal food, and the benefits that accrued from a purely vegetable diet. Nobody doubted the lady's sincerity; as, indeed, why should they? until my mother called at her house one morning (the night of which was to be devoted to the delivery of a

lecture), and, entering the parlour unannounced by the servant, discovered the lecturer in the act of eating a large *mutton chop*, to fortify her for the evening's work.

Thenceforth my mother set her face against all vegetarians and vegetarianism. Of course, I have no personal recollection of the matter; I was too young to be taken into confidence. I relate the facts as told by my mother, who preserved the story till her dying day.

But, perhaps, the most prominent of all the notables who visited the house in Burton Street was the famous dramatist, James Sheridan Knowles. An anecdote of this gentleman, which was constantly repeated by my mother, may be interesting here.

My parents were sitting in the drawing-room, awed into silence and submission by the violent thunderstorm that raged without. The elements were in a state of disruption. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and the heavy hailstones pelted against the window-panes with tremendous force. Suddenly a noise was heard at the street door, the knocker of which was impelled with immense vigour. Soon after the servant girl appeared in the drawing-room with the extraordinary announce-

ment, "Please, sir," addressing my father, "Mr. Paddy wishes to see you." "Mr. Paddy?" said my father, "I know nobody of the name of Paddy." "Don't you," said James Sheridan Knowles, entering the drawing-room, his dripping hat in his hand, and his great overcoat bristling with hailstones, "Perhaps you'll know me better now I present myself *in propriâ personâ*."

This facetious allusion to his nationality gave rise to the nickname by which the celebrated dramatist was afterwards known in our family, to wit—"Mr. Paddy."

My retrospect is not all of a pleasurable kind. I remember that during my childhood death was busy in our family. My father had eleven children, only five of whom survived to cheer his later years. At an early age my eldest brother, Henry James Heraud, manifested signs of literary genius. He wrote, under the name of "Selwyn Cosway," a series of quaint humorous stories for the "Sunbeam," a periodical started and edited by my father. He also wrote for the "Monthly Magazine." He was an invalid from his birth, and "drew his breath in pain" until the age of twenty-one, when he expired (1845) in my grandfather's house at Tottenham. His death was a great blow to my

father and mother, who never ceased to mourn the loss of their highly gifted first-born. My brother left behind him an unfinished novel which, in its imperfect state, could not be offered for publication. The death of my elder sister, Una, and of my younger brothers George and Victor, also cast a shadow on this portion of my retrospect. I remember that, immediately after the death of a child, my father and mother would fall down on their knees and vent their grief in a paroxysm of tears; they would then rise up, dash away the scalding drops, and return to their usual tasks apparently relieved by the uncontrolled outburst of feeling.

After the repeal of the Theatrical Patents (an account of which will be given in the next chapter), the house in Burton Street was visited by many well-known stars of the theatrical horizon.

About this period (I cannot state for certain the exact date) my father was installed dramatic critic of the "Athenæum," a journal possessing great influence. Thus it is no matter of marvel that the leading luminaries of the dramatic world congregated around him. Among these I may mention Mr. Samuel Phelps, his wife and three daughters, Helen, Sarah, and Hester Phelps.

Ultimately Mr. Phelps assumed the management of the little theatre in Clerkenwell known as Sadler's Wells, hitherto the home of pantomime, and the scene of the great Grimaldi's triumphs, but which he (Mr. Phelps), by the repeal of the Act, was enabled to devote to the interests of the poetic and Shakespearian drama.

Another important theatrical "star" who visited the house in Burton Street was the American actress, Charlotte Cushman. At this period (1845) Miss Cushman was enacting Romeo to her sister, Susan Cushman's, Juliet, at one of the West End theatres. It was, I believe, the first time in London that any actress had been bold enough to don male attire and appear as the impersonator of Shakespeare's celebrated love-sick hero. This was considered a terrible innovation; in fact it was looked upon at that time as something "shocking," and gave rise to reports of a monstrous nature. One of these, to the effect that the courageous tragedienne was a man in woman's gear, which accounted for her extraordinary success in a male character, was indignantly refuted by my mother, who knew to the contrary. Another rumour that Charlotte Cushman intended to follow up her success as Romeo, by appearing as

Macbeth, was repudiated by herself. I was present when my father announced this report to her. I remember the start she gave, and how she pursed up her eyebrows as she emphatically exclaimed, "That is a fabrication of your own, Mr. Heraud! Surely you are joking!"

My father was not joking, albeit he was known at all times to be fond of his joke. The report was a *bonâ fide* one, and had gained considerable credence in literary circles. In the present day, when both the love-sick Romeo and the philosophic Hamlet have been impersonated by some of our leading actresses, and a portion of the public has discovered that these *rôles* are more effective when entrusted to female exponents, the fact that a great tragedienne had resolved to test her powers in the arduous character of Macbeth would not appear so terrible and startling. But the times have changed; people are less fastidious; sensation is the order of the day; and now the announcement that a lady was about to appear as the ambitious Thane would simply be received by the public as the newest wonder.

My retrospect also includes Charles Kemble and Miss Glyn. The latter was a great friend of the family, and her ultimate success upon the

stage verified my father's early prediction of her histrionic genius. Other "stars" of a lesser magnitude belonging to the theatrical firmament visited the house in Burton Street. These minor luminaries I will not enumerate.

I do not intend in this brief memoir to dwell upon the subject of my father's philosophical writings. His "Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence" appeared in the "Monthly Magazine." In philosophy my father was known to prefer the synthetic to the analytic method. There can be no doubt that German philosophy and literature were considerably indebted to him in England. That he endeavoured, with a certain amount of success, to popularise the school of Schelling in this country was a fact commented upon in the "Athenæum" after his death. It is only necessary to make a passing allusion to it here.

I have omitted to mention that my father was at one period intimately acquainted with Thomas Carlyle. I have not found among his papers any letters or documents referring to that portion of his history; for this reason I have hitherto refrained from alluding to it. My readers, however, if curious upon the subject, will, I believe, find notices of Mr. Heraud in Carlyle's "Reminiscences."

The bent of my father's mind was speculative, and he was always ready to take up any discovery or theory that bounded on the mysterious or supernatural. He was at this time acquainted with Dr. Elliotson, an eminent physician who, if I remember rightly, advocated mesmerism. In these days mesmerism is an established fact, which no one with a due share of common intelligence would think of disputing. At the time of which I write, the case was different. People then received the truth of mesmerism with about the same amount of credulity they would now give to the announcement that a railway train was about to be propelled without steam, or that a dancing-girl would appear and perform her evolutions without legs. My father was an easy convert to mesmerism. Dr. B——s and his family were staunch disbelievers. The incident I am about to relate occurred one Sunday evening, on the occasion of a visit paid by my father and mother to Dr. B——s at his private residence. After a time the conversation turned on mesmerism. My father endeavoured by strong arguments to shake the incredulity of his friends. All in vain. They were obdurate, and their opinions unassailable by logic. Still my father persisted. Suddenly Cicely

B——s, a younger daughter of the host and hostess, started up, and, clapping her hands gleefully, exclaimed, "All right, Mr. Heraud—prove your arguments! Seeing is believing. Come along—mesmerise *me!*"

"Yes, yes," said Dr. B——s and his wife, joining in their daughter's merriment. "Mesmerise Sissie, Mr. Heraud, then we'll believe you."

All parties thus acquiescing, my father placed the merry little damsel in a chair; then seating himself in front of her, he commenced at once the mesmeric passes.

She came readily under the influence. After the lapse of a few minutes Cicely B——s was rigid in her chair.

"She's shamming," exclaimed her sister. "I'll give her a good shaking."

A good shaking failed to arouse the maiden from her stupor.

"She *must* be shamming," said Mrs. B——s, still incredulous. "I had no idea that Sissie was such a good actress. I'll prick her with a needle."

The prick of a needle produced no visible effect upon the sleeper.

The family being still incredulous, my father took a plate of oranges from the table; and, accom-

panied by Dr. B——s, carried them out of the room on to the landing. Here, in the presence of his friend, he mesmerised three or four of the oranges and placed a mark upon them. The others he left in their normal condition. They then returned to the drawing-room with the fruit.

There was a dead silence in the chamber as my father presented the plate of oranges to the mesmeric patient.

Without once glancing at them Cicely stretched forth her hand and took, one by one, the mesmerised oranges from the plate, leaving the others untouched.

The same experiment was tried with some cambric handkerchiefs, and arrived at the same result.

A change now came over the spirit of the dream. Finding that mesmerism was a fact, and that their daughter was really in a mesmeric trance, the parents took fright, and began to hurl their reproaches at my father.

"Mr. Heraud, what have you done!" exclaimed Mrs. B——s. "You have killed my child. Oh, what shall we do! Send for the doctor."

"Yes," chorused the family; "send for the doctor."

With difficulty my father stemmed the uproar.

"Quite useless," he said. "All the doctors in the neighbourhood could not awaken the sleeper. What I have done I alone can undo. Let me request you to be calm while I try the effect of the counter-passes."

This time something opposed the influence. The mesmeric counter-passes failed. Cicely B——s did not awake.

My father grew anxious, and the cries of "Send for the doctor! send for the doctor!" which again sped through the drawing-room, did not reassure him.

"Silence!" said my father sternly. "You thwart my efforts. To send for a doctor is preposterous. The patient's will resists me. I must humour her."

Again all was silence. Dismissing his fears, my father resumed the counter-passes. Holding in his own the hand of the fair sleeper, he said coaxingly—

"Sissie, dear, I wish you to awake. Tell me now, will you awake?"

"No. I don't want to awake."

"Why don't you want to awake?"

"Because I feel so comfortable."

"Humph!" said my father. "That's unfortunate." Continuing the counter-passes, and still holding in his own the hand of the sleeper, he again said coaxingly: "Come now, Sissie dear, I want you to awake. Answer me. Will you *not* awake?"

"I will awake."

"That's right; I thought you would. Tell me—when will you awake?"

"In half-an-hour."

At a sign from my father, Dr. B——s took his watch from his pocket, and fixed his eyes upon it.

Exactly on the stroke of the half-hour Cicely B——s awoke.

I need scarcely add that from this time forth Dr. B——s and his family were converts to mesmerism.

CHAPTER VI

A LEAF OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY

I NOW record an incident in my father's life which, from its nature and the importance of the revolution it effected in the dramatic world, must be considered its culminating point, as well as an epoch in dramatic history. I allude to the repeal of the Theatrical Patents in the year 1843. In these days of free competition, when every manager of a theatre can place before his audience the class of entertainment he thinks fit for them, few would believe that fifty-five years ago there existed an Act of Parliament that absurdly restricted him in this matter. Few would believe that fifty-five years ago the sublime tragedies of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," the beautiful spectacular plays of "The Tempest," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Winter's Tale," &c., could not be played at the Princess's, the Lyceum, the Olympic, at old Sadler's Wells, and other places of popular resort. In brief, that the representation of the poetic drama was (in the metropolis) confined to

the three patent theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, and to the one patent theatre (Theatre Royal) of each provincial town.

At the present time still fewer would believe, although some years ago the fact was brought to light and commented on in a Manchester newspaper, that sixty-seven years ago a provincial manager (one Mr. Neville), being unable to pay a heavy fine, was thrown into prison, and condemned to the treadmill, for infringing a patent right by playing an Italian opera in a Manchester minor (unpatented) theatre.

Had the monopoly enjoyed by the three patent theatres entailed upon them a corresponding obligation to play the high-class drama, the case would have been different; they might then have held their own. But this was not so. The interests of the national drama were entirely lost sight of; at those establishments, more especially at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, other interests prevailed. Shakespeare became an alien in the land of his nativity. His works, legally proscribed at the minor theatres, were managerially banished from the established ones. The state to which the drama was reduced at this period is graphi-

cally described in a letter written to my father by the late William Charles Macready, the recognised greatest actor of his day.

In this letter Macready deplored the monopoly of the high-class drama by the patent theatres, and the fact that melodrama and trashy productions of every kind were widely licensed. He also animadverted upon the fact that the managers of the patent theatres, alluding to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, did not avail themselves of the privilege to play the legitimate drama, which was denied a refuge elsewhere. Thus there was no field for the display of the talents of the high-class artist. In no measured terms Macready expressed his disapprobation of the then existing state of things, and declared the course of the drama desperate.

This letter, dated January 10, 1836, sufficiently exposed the evil, the legal shackles under which the drama groaned; but it suggested no remedy. I do not know who first proposed the repeal of the patents. Probably it was my father; but I am not prepared to make a statement to that effect. The scheme was voted chimerical and impracticable. My father gave no ear to these prognostications. It was characteristic of him that, a

project once resolved on, he never swerved or turned aside from his endeavour, however great the opposition he encountered. In fact opposition only spurred him on to make huge efforts to overcome it. He stood boldly forth as the advocate of free trade in dramatic representations. But in his philanthropic effort my father did not confine himself to the regeneration of the drama; he had in view a higher and more comprehensive object—the education and moral advancement of the people. "Even more than the church," said my father, "the stage is the popular educator. If there is one man more than another whose works are calculated to instruct and enlighten the people, that man is William Shakespeare. Shakespeare," he exclaimed emphatically, "did not live and work for a few high-priced patent theatres; he wrote for all time and for all classes; for people in all stages of moral development; for the wise and the unwise, the enlightened and the unenlightened. His genius was cosmopolitan, and could be restricted within no limits. Why, then, should the representation of his works, as far as the metropolis is concerned, be confined to the narrow limits of the three theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket?"

In due course he drew around him a band of kindred spirits known as the Syncretic Society, the object of which was to bring about a repeal of the Theatrical Patents; and thus, at one throw, give to the stage "free trade," and the Shakespearian drama to the million.

In the furtherance of his object my father encountered great opposition. One of his principal opponents was the late Benjamin Webster. Benjamin Webster advanced an adverse theory. He thought the interests of the Shakespearian drama would be best served by keeping it select and apart from the vulgar.

At the same time that the Shakespearian, *i.e.* poetic, drama became commonplace, it would become a dead letter. In the year 1898 there is something grotesque in the notion of our beloved Shakespeare being bottled up and corked down like 'physic, which, if you take an overdose of it, will tend ultimately to injure, not to benefit, the consumer. But who would think of comparing Shakespeare with physic, or with any other nauseous beverage! Of a verity he is a pleasant, palatable drink, and those who quaff him may exclaim with Rosalind, "Can one desire too much of a good thing!" "Mr. Heraud," said Benjamin

Webster, "in repealing the patents, you do not see that you are destroying the poetic drama."

My father did not agree with this assumption. Where was the poetic drama at this period? Referring to Macready's letter we do not find it, except at rare intervals, at the principal patent theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. At Drury Lane it was found chiefly under Macready's management, which, according to the authority I have before me, on two occasions was brought to a premature close. Macready attributed the decline of the drama to the sinister influence of monopoly. Where then *was* the poetic drama? Apparently it was confined to the Haymarket, which, remarked a contemporary journal (May 1842), quoted in Pascoe's Dramatic List (1880), containing an account of Benjamin Webster, "remained the only place in London where the banners of the national drama still waved." Even there it held an uncertain tenure. The so-called minor theatres were not privileged to play it.

My father did not see, but commenced the struggle in real earnest, which was carried on with equal pertinacity by both parties. I have said with equal pertinacity, I might say with all

the rancour of contending factions. It was the great fight of protection *versus* free trade, fought out in the interests of the drama.

Of course, the high-class drama was to be found at certain patent theatres in the provinces; that is to say, it was to be found occasionally, at rare intervals, when the advent of some great star like W. C. Macready demanded its production. From all the other theatres it was excluded. Or if, as in the case of Mr. Neville, the manager of a minor theatre was so bold as to infringe a patent right by playing the high-class drama or Italian opera, a heavy fine was imposed on him. In the case referred to, Mr. Neville's inability to pay a fine of fifty pounds caused him to be imprisoned and condemned to the treadmill for nine calendar months. Incredible! "For Manchester," where this act of tyranny took place, to quote the words of my authority, we should indeed read "Morocco." Or we might prefer a Shakespearian illustration, and exclaim—

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder!"

That such a state of things should ever have existed was bad enough; but had it continued

to exist it would have been a lasting blot upon humanity. The flaw was bound to disappear in the great law of eternal fitness and progression that rules all things.

My father was, I believe, assisted in his efforts by Thomas Noon Talfourd, the author of "Ion," a man of great influence and a member of Parliament.

While these matters were agitating, my father wrote and published "The Roman Brother," a poetical play in five acts, which was dedicated to H.R.H. the late Prince Consort. My father had previously forwarded to the Prince copies of his two epic poems, "The Judgment of the Flood," and "The Descent into Hell." At the same time he had solicited his (Prince Albert's) permission to dedicate his play to him. In reply, my father received a letter from Dr. Schenck, the Prince's secretary, informing him that Prince Albert had granted his request, and desiring him to call at Buckingham Palace to settle the matter.

In obedience to this summons my father presented himself at the Palace, where he saw Prince Albert, and arranged with Dr. Schenck the terms of the dedication.

"The Roman Brother," published in 1840 by

Messrs. Sherwood & Co., passed through two editions, and made its mark as a dramatic poem, though it was never produced upon the stage.

But to return to the subject of the old Patent Laws. After a persistent and prolonged struggle, the efforts of the Syncretic Society were crowned with success. In 1843 a petition in the name of W. C. Macready, whose powerful co-operation had tended greatly towards the result, was presented to Parliament, and soon after, by the passing of the New Theatres Regulation Act, the Theatrical Patents were repealed.

Thenceforth any theatre, east or west, north or south of the metropolis, could present the plays of Shakespeare without the manager having to pay a heavy fine, or to work at the treadmill for nine calendar months! Verily the work achieved was a glorious one, entitling those who wrought it to be chronicled as heroes in the history of the drama.

That the people benefited morally and intellectually by the repeal of this law is exemplified by the fact that a denizen of the gallery of old Sadler's Wells wrote to the late Samuel Phelps, who, in 1844, in conjunction with Mr. Warner, assumed the management of that theatre, informing

him that he had been reclaimed from drunkenness by seeing him play Othello; and quite recently Mr. (now Sir) Henry Irving, appearing before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, upon a matter connected with the performance of dramatic sketches at music halls, made a statement to the effect that during the representation of "The Bells" at the Lyceum there was always an enormous amount of brandy and water consumed, while the play of "Henry the Eighth" was quite a soda-water affair. So much depended upon the character of the play that was being presented.

The example of the North was followed by the East of London; and far away in Shoreditch and Whitechapel the plays of Shakespeare, to the frequenters of sixpenny pits and threepenny galleries, became "familiar in men's mouths as household words."

In those days ignorance predominated, and at every street corner, in the pits and galleries of North and East End theatres, men and women congregated who could neither read nor write, and whose knowledge of history was derived mainly, if not solely, from these Shakespearian representations. "But," said my father, "the time will come, perhaps is not far distant, when every man

and woman in the kingdom will be able to read Shakespeare as well as hear him interpreted by others." The prediction was verified, the march of enlightenment went on, and in less than forty years from the date of the repeal of the Theatrical Patents, compulsory education became the law of the land.

It is curious that in after years (I make the statement upon the authority of a member of my family), when the poetic drama again declined, yielding place to the sensational and realistic drama which everywhere gained footing, my father expressed a doubt of the policy of the famous Repeal he had so strenuously advocated. He began to think that the competition of the minor theatres had interfered with the production of the high-class drama and new poetical plays by new authors at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. This view of the subject I may safely state he afterwards discarded. The high-class drama was managerially banished (or nearly so) from the two principal patent theatres before the Repeal, a fact commented upon in Macready's letter to my father; the competition of the minor theatres, therefore, was not the cause of its decline at those establishments.

The repeal of the patents gave the poetic drama a new lease of life. Its decadence at a later period must be attributed to a falling off in the taste of a fickle public. But it is not difficult to understand how an enthusiast like my father, when confronted by the stern reality of another decline, would doubt (temporarily) the policy of the movement he had brought to so successful an issue.

By the repeal of the patents an embargo was removed from dramatic art, managers were freed from oppressive penalties, theatrical speculators basked in the sunshine of free trade, and the ground was left open (all theatres being placed on an equal footing) for the "bright particular stars" of the dramatic horizon to prosecute their efforts, when so impelled by their inclinations, in the interests of the pure national drama.

CHAPTER VII

A HISTRIONIC ASPIRANT

AFTER my father's bankruptcy, which was the result of an action at law instituted to recover a large sum of money due to him, but which he lost upon a law quibble, we migrated from Burton Street to the neighbourhood of Camden Town. This was about four years after the repeal of the Theatrical Patents. I had entered my teens, and from this time my recollections become more reliable and vivid. I must state here that though my father lost the action at law, he was not left without some ultimate compensation. A sense of the stern injustice done him induced T. N. Talfourd and others to inaugurate a movement which resulted in raising a sum of about four hundred pounds, subscribed by the members of the literary world, to set him on his feet again. His bankruptcy formed an epoch in his career, after which my father had to commence the world anew. He had lost everything, but he still retained his post on the "Athenæum." Subsequently he became

dramatic critic of the "Illustrated London News."

At this time, I remember, we were six in family—my father and mother, my two brothers, John Lockhart and Claudius William Heraud, who held posts in the Electric Telegraph and General Post-Office; myself and pretty baby-sister, Lucy, the godchild of the dramatist, James Westland Marston. These were the members of the family when we changed our residence. My brother Herbert was married and settled in Wiltshire. For this reason I have not included him in the above family category. Subsequently we removed to the neighbourhood of Islington.

My father was now entirely dependent on his literary efforts. After the death of my grandfather, the law-stationer, his business was carried on solely by my uncle, my father's younger brother. Sir Walter Scott has said, "Literature is very good as a walking-stick, but very bad as a crutch." This is a trite observation, to the truth of which literary men of every age can testify.

My father did not escape the common fatality. At this time he had no certain income. His work on the "Athenæum" was paid for by the column. His subsequent post of dramatic critic to the

"Illustrated London News," to which he was appointed, I believe, in 1849, brought him in a settled income of eighty pounds a year. Up to the date of this appointment his means were precarious. To add to the general incomings, I resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. I was very ardent and enthusiastic; all young people are, who see the great world before them. At first my father laughed at and discouraged me; but, urged by Dr. and Mrs. Westland Marston, who heard me recite and thought they discovered in me histrionic power, he yielded, and ultimately became as ardent and enthusiastic as myself.

I now gave recitations from Juliet, Lady Macbeth, Lady Constance, &c., at balls and parties given by various literary friends, and received unbounded applause. I was just fourteen, and my education had been of a somewhat desultory character.

Upon the subject of education my father entertained peculiar notions. His theory was self-development. He eschewed all schools and school systems except for the preliminary acquirement of reading, and, in my case, proceeded upon a method of his own which was just the reverse of the usual process. To speak more plainly, he

began at the top of the ladder and worked downwards. When at the age of thirteen I expressed a desire to make myself acquainted with the rudiments of history, he placed in my hand Schlegel's "Philosophy of History" as an easy and comprehensive book upon the subject. The same system was pursued upon other topics. All the lower gradations and stepping-stones of knowledge my father ignored. Thus it happened that at this time I possessed a store of learning which no other girl of my age could even pretend to, while on the other hand I manifested an entire ignorance of common facts and rudiments of education which every girl years younger than myself was well versed and glib in.

Apropos of this, on one occasion, at a party given years after by Dr. Westland Marston, I remember meeting a lady who told me an anecdote of myself which I had totally forgotten. This lady informed me that when I was about twelve years of age she had met me at the house of a friend, and had been at the time exceedingly edified by an account I gave her of a philosophical treatise I had been reading; but when, later in the evening, she asked me a question from a book called "Mother's Catechism," I could not

answer it. But then, as I naïvely told her, I had never had a "Mother's Catechism" in my hand, so how could I be expected to answer any question contained therein? The story may not be worth chronicling, but I mention it here to illustrate my father's peculiar theory of education.

As the result of this early system of training, my natural (or perhaps I might say acquired) impulses all tended in one direction—that of the highest. In all my undertakings, both as a child and a woman, I made a direct, impetuous rush towards the topmost pinnacle, regardless of the many tortuous steps of the ascent by which that pinnacle is usually attained. No wonder then that at the age of fourteen, having resolved to adopt the stage as a profession, I was found at the numerous *soirées* given by my father's literary friends, reciting Lady Macbeth, Lady Constance, and Queen Katherine in preference to those lighter, less ambitious heroines more adapted to my age and figure.

With one notable exception, no disposition was manifested by my father's friends to restrain my girlish flights and temper my enthusiasm. This notable exception appeared in the person of the late Douglas Jerrold. The first time he

saw me, Douglas Jerrold twitted me upon the subject of my tragic aspirations. "You can't play tragedy," he said; "take to comedy—that's your forte." The more I remonstrated, the more he persisted and held his ground. It was certainly most provoking. I do not believe that in his heart Douglas Jerrold entertained any opinion of the kind; he only said it to tease me and bring me down from the skies to a more convenient level.

I came in contact with Douglas Jerrold several times. My father was a Shakespearian, and a Shakespearian critic to boot. I do not think that Douglas Jerrold was avowedly one or the other; nevertheless, on one occasion (only on one occasion, be it known to the reader) he surpassed my father in Shakespearian erudition. It was at the house of a mutual friend, and the conversation turned upon Shakespeare and the cosmopolitan nature of his genius. "Yes," said Jerrold, "there is nothing in the world or creation, no product of man's invention, for which we cannot find a fitting illustration in the text of Shakespeare. A man contested this point with me the other day, and said there was no quotation from Shakespeare applicable to the treadmill." "The man was

right," interrupted my father, "there is not." "Oh, say you so!" responded Jerrold, with a spasmodic jerk of his body. "Could you not thus apply Lear's exclamation, Act ii. sc. 4—

'Down, thou climbing sorrow!'"

On the same evening, Douglas Jerrold held forth somewhat vehemently upon the subject of common sense. "If there were more common sense in the world," he exclaimed, "there would be more happiness and less wickedness." I cannot remember the exact line of argument pursued by Jerrold, but he arrived at the ultimatum that the want of common sense was the reason why so few of us would ultimately reach heaven, and so many be propelled in an opposite direction. My father remarked that if this were so, the lack of companionship in heaven would make heaven itself a very dull place. "The conclusion I have come to!" cried Jerrold; "for my own part, I think I would rather go to hell in company than to heaven in solitude." "Good," laughed my father, entering into the spirit of the joke, "but then you know, Jerrold, that may be your want of common sense."

Poor Douglas Jerrold! As I write these lines, visions of "Black-Eyed Susan," and the thousands

of tearful eyes that witnessed it, float before me; and often, when acting in this pathetic nautical drama, I have wondered if the author, when he wrote it, was charged with a superabundance, or the reverse, of the commodity he so highly prized —common sense.

About this period I became acquainted with Mrs. George Lovell, the wife of Mr. Lovell, the author of "The Wife's Secret" and other popular plays. Before her marriage Mrs. Lovell, known as Miss Maria Lacy, held a high position upon the London stage. She was for several seasons a prominent member of the Covent Garden Company, and one of our best exponents of the poetic drama. This estimable lady at once took me under her protecting wing, and volunteered to give me some valuable instruction in my difficult art. This I received with gratitude and benefit.

Having passed my sixteenth birthday, it was suggested by a friend that my father should at once launch me upon the stage, where I should receive a more effectual training than by studying and reciting in a drawing-room. This advice tallied with my father's own ideas upon the subject, and he accepted it. It chanced that at this time the management of the little theatre at Richmond was

assumed for a brief period by Mr. Williams, who for several seasons was prompter and assistant stage-manager, under Mr. Phelps, at the renowned Sadler's Wells. This gentleman at once came forward in my interests, and it was arranged that I should make my first appearance on any stage, at the little theatre referred to, under his auspices.

The play selected was "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marston, then prominent members of Mr. Phelps' company, volunteered to go to Richmond, and enact respectively the characters of Romeo and the Nurse to my Juliet. Mrs. George Lovell expressed her approbation, and the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

As soon as the fact became known, a number of my father's literary friends, among whom were some austere critics, responded to his invitation to proceed to Richmond upon the occasion of my *début*, and pronounce their verdict on my first histrionic effort.

Ah, the blissful unconsciousness of youth! What will we not do and dare in our early teens! In the regular course of business my appearance in the arduous character of Juliet

would have been conducted secretly, without any general announcement whatever. My beauties and my defects, my acquirements and my shortcomings, would have been known only to the spectators that came from the little sympathetic town of Richmond. Thus the result, good or bad, would have had no effect upon my after career. But here was I, a raw neophyte, jumping from the drawing-room on to the stage, and challenging the judgment of the London critics, with the temerity of sixteen summers, and, although myself oblivious of the fact, "with all my imperfections on my head."

By the kind permission of Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, the stage of Sadler's Wells was placed at my father's disposal. There we had several rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet," conducted by Mr. Williams and Mr. Henry Marston, and I was duly instructed in all the traditionary stage business of the character I was about to impersonate. Of course, this was a great advantage and aided me materially.

The eventful day arrived; it was in the summer of the year 1851. I was announced as a "young lady" about to make her first appearance on any stage. Thus my name was

known only to the notables who flocked from London to witness the experiment.

Accompanied by my father and mother, I got into an early train and proceeded to Richmond on the day that formed so important an epoch in my life's history. Alighting on the platform, I was at once summoned to the theatre, where a rehearsal had been called at 12 o'clock noon. The rehearsal was only a formal matter, as I had previously been instructed in all the necessary preliminary routine. But an obstacle of a different kind presented itself.

The little theatre only boasted a limited supply of scenery, and nothing in the shape of a balcony was forthcoming from which I could deliver Juliet's celebrated love passages to her nocturnal visitor. It was suggested that I should ascend to the top of a table, placed there for that purpose, with a chair secured to it, and carry on the dialogue with the enamoured Romeo, between the interstice of two trees.

This proposition, clever and ingenious in its way, was open to a serious objection. In one of my impassioned speeches I might disturb the equilibrium of the unique but somewhat rickety contrivance, and cause the whole artistic construc-

tion, myself included, to topple to the ground. As there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, this was a "consummation" not "devoutly to be wished," but, if possible, to be avoided.

Ultimately, Mr. Henry Marston abstracted from the "property room" the necessary materials, and painted a balcony. Thus I was enabled to give full force to Juliet's passionate utterances without fear of consequences.

After rehearsal we (that is, my father, my mother, and myself) put up at the "Star and Garter," at that time the principal hotel at Richmond. Here we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Marston, upon whom devolved a portion of the responsibility of the night's venture.

The night came. I hastened to the theatre, and attired myself in appropriate costume for the love-sick heroine. By-the-bye, this reminds me of an anecdote told of Mrs. Charles Kean, who was asked by a young stage aspirant what costume she ought to assume for Juliet. Mrs. Kean answered with characteristic bluntness, "Put on white muslin and do your *damn'dest!*"

I did not put on white muslin, but white satin, and I certainly was prepared on this occa-

sion to give the audience a specimen of my most highly-spiced quality.

What were my sensations when, at my appointed cue, I tripped on to the stage and made my first bow to the public? What were my sensations? Well, they were simply indescribable. I remember being suddenly impelled by the wish that a trap-door would open beneath my feet, and let me through. No trap-door did open, for the simple reason that no trap-door being needed in Shakespeare's dismal tragedy, no trap-door had been ordered to be worked. I had only a few lines to deliver in the first scene, and, I believe, I uttered them distinctly. In the second scene I became more courageous, and I thought I would take a sly peep at my friends in the front of the house. They had been arriving by different trains from London the whole of the day, and there they were gathered together in the dress circle, critics and all.

Yes, critics and all! Who were these notables who came to Richmond to do honour to my father on the occasion of his daughter's *début?*

I think I can remember the names of some of them — the others I have forgotten. There was Stirling Coyne, T. K. Hervey, Bayle Ber-

nard, Westland Marston, F. G. Tomlins, George Patten the artist, Geraldine Jewsbury the Manchester novelist, Mr. and Mrs. — afterwards Sir Thomas and Lady Duffus—Hardy, Mr. John Timbs, the editor of the "Illustrated London News," and there was my old tormentor, Douglas Jerrold.

He could not torment me then; he was too far off. The public had to decide whether or not I should become a disciple of Melpomene. He did not wish to torment me. His face wore a kindly, sympathetic expression. I believe he felt for me. Perhaps he remembered the time when he made his own virgin essay as a dramatist; if so, a natural flow of feeling would induce him to regard, with almost parental solicitude, the trembling neophyte now casting her first die in the pursuit of Thespian honours.

And I won them—from the audience. I am not speaking of the critics; they are oracles less easy to be evoked. From the audience I received encouraging applause (I had thrown into the character all the energy, some of it superfluous, of which I was capable), and at the end a hearty call before the curtain that raised my future hopes, and more than realised my expectations.

Then they made a rush from the dress-circle (I mean the notables), and sped across the "Green" to the railway station in time to meet the train, the last but one that night, that should convey them to their different destinations in the metropolis.

The last train saw my father, my mother, and myself, Mr. and Mrs. Marston and their daughter Jenny, located in a second-class railway carriage, in our turn waiting to be transported to our homes in London.

From the open window the night air blew refreshingly on to my heated temples, as I lolled back on the carriage cushion in a state of mental and physical exhaustion.

The train whizzed off and I whizzed with it, having at the age of sixteen gone through that most trying of all ordeals, a first appearance upon any stage, faced by a conclave of London critics assembled for the express purpose of criticising, in the character of Juliet, the most difficult of all Shakespearian assumptions.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHAPTER OF VARIETIES

My *début* was over. Some critiques appeared in the newspapers. The critics did not let me off scot-free; far from it. Like a judge on the judgment-seat, they brought forth in strong contrast my good and bad characteristics, and finally summed up in favour of the *débutante.*

Speaking of critics and criticisms, my thoughts leap over an interval of several years, when I visited, of course professionally, a town in the north of England which shall be nameless. A lady *confrère* who previously visited the same town wrote to my father saying, "Tell your daughter to look out for squalls when she comes here." By "squalls" our correspondent meant newspaper criticisms. All the critics of this cold, nipping district (perhaps the biting cold influenced their judgment; I do not know) were harsh and censorious. One of them especially was noted for his severe handling of all unlucky Thespians that came under the jurisdiction of his slashing pen. I was informed by the people of the house in

which I lodged that an artiste of distinction, who had acted in the town before me, and who shall be also nameless, after reading one of these condemnatory notices, fell down on the hearthrug of the theatre star-dressing-room, and went into hysterics.

I had not been in the town many days before I discovered that the critic who caused so much consternation among dramatic celebrities, and induced the female exponents of Shakespeare and lesser luminaries to go into hysterics on the hearthrug of the dressing-room, was an ironmonger. Not but what ironmongers are very good people in their way, I have nothing to say against them *as* ironmongers; but when the principal ironmonger of a theatrical town becomes dramatic critic of an important paper *con amore*, in other words gratuitously, he is apt to do his "spiriting" not "gently," but in a singularly "uppish" and at times startlingly obnoxious manner.

To return to the period immediately after my *début*. My father received sundry letters of congratulation. One from Miss Vandenhoff, who wrote enthusiastically of my first night's reception, was very welcome to him. There was also a letter from Charlotte Cushman, the contents of which were not divulged to me. My mother

locked it up in the drawer of the chiffonnier that stood in the back parlour, and never alluded to it. Of course, I became curious upon the subject of that letter. One day my mother inadvertently left the drawer of the chiffonnier open, with the key in the lock of it. Before the lapse of two seconds I had abstracted the letter from its hiding-place, and was standing conning over its contents. I glanced my eye curiously down them (all about myself and my doings at Richmond), until I came to the line where the writer expressed her fear that I was a "rash enthusiast," and that the fact would interfere with my progress in the profession. I read no more, but folded up the letter, returned it to the envelope, and replaced it in the drawer.

A rash enthusiast I certainly was; how rash a one I was at that time incapable of comprehending. But I can safely say, that in after years I never allowed my enthusiasm to stand in the way of the fulfilment of my duties.

In the year 1855 I met Charlotte Cushman professionally at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, then under the management of Mr. Copeland. I had been engaged, among other characters, to appear in conjunction with Miss Cushman as one of the

heroines in "The Actress of Padua." After the performance, Miss Cushman informed my mother that I was "full of talent, but wild, wild as a March hare."

Perhaps it was her conviction of this fact (if fact it were) that induced Charlotte Cushman, as the curtain fell, and an enthusiastic call, in which both our names were audible, summoned us before it, to seize my two hands with an iron grip, as I was speeding to my dressing-room (March hares are apt to be somewhat rapid in their movements), and hold me transfixed in the centre of the stage. She then gave the order to ring up the curtain. It rose, and discovered us in this position, the elder and the younger artiste, amid the cheers and general approbation of the audience.

A great actress and a kind and sympathetic *confrère* was Charlotte Cushman.

There, I have been casting forward again; skipping at one bound over an interval of years. I suppose it is owing to my erratic tendencies, and the disabilities under which I write, due to the progress of an incurable malady.

My initiatory performance having been successful, Mr. Williams asked me to play Julia

in "The Hunchback," and Margaret in "Love's Sacrifice." Soon after, he closed his term of management at Richmond.

Of course, on these three occasions I had acted gratuitously. They were simple tests of my ability. My father now put an end to this sort of work, and told me that for the future I should only accept remunerative engagements. Subsequently Mr. Angel, manager of the Theatre Royal, Rochester, offered me a six nights' semi-starring engagement, upon what he called "benefit terms." By this arrangement I was to act the first five nights for nothing; but the sixth and last night was to be advertised for my benefit, when one-half of the gross receipts of the house were to be handed over to the *bénéficiaire*. These terms were accepted by my father. The benefit fell on a Saturday night. The receipts on this occasion ran up to £18. I believe there were some deductions in the shape of additional expenses; I cannot remember the exact particulars. Practically I received £6 for my first week's work.

It is not my intention in these Memoirs to give the details, in any consecutive form, of my own stage-career, which extended over a period of twenty years. I dwell upon it occasionally for

the sake of variety, or as a connecting link in my father's history.

In 1851 (the year of my *début*) the beautiful play of "Ingomar," translated and adapted from the German by Mrs. Lovell, with Mr. James Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff in the leading characters, was produced at Drury Lane.

Upon the night of its first representation "Ingomar" was received with unqualified favour; nevertheless a criticism which appeared in the "Times" newspaper called forth a protest from Mrs. George Lovell. I never read the notice referred to, and I do not know in what way it offended the authoress. Probably the remarks were critical and the praise lukewarm. Mr. John Oxenford, the "Times" critic, was hard to please, and I do not think that he advocated the cause of the poetic drama. I remember calling upon Mrs. Lovell at her residence in Mornington Crescent, and finding her somewhat irate upon the subject. Referring to my father's expected criticisms in the "Athenæum" and "Illustrated London News," Mrs. Lovell said, "Tell your father to knock Mr. John Oxenford down." I laughed, and told her that my father thought highly of the play, and was sure to do it justice. In due

course my father's notices appeared. The next time I called upon Mrs. George Lovell she received me with great cordiality. Bidding me good-bye after a pleasant chat, the triumphant authoress opened the door, and, as I passed out into the street, my ears were greeted with the parting exclamation, "Tell your father he *has* knocked Mr. John Oxenford down." The event justified the criticisms. "Ingomar" was one of the most successful plays on record.

At the house of Mrs. Lovell I met Dinah Muloch, afterwards celebrated as the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman." That masterpiece of English fiction was not at that time written; and although steadily progressing in public favour, Miss Muloch, at the period of which I write, had not achieved the position as a novelist which she ultimately attained. My father had sent me to advise with Mrs. Lovell upon the propriety of accepting an engagement offered me by Mr. Farren to appear in a new play about to be produced at the Olympic Theatre. Miss Muloch was present at the consultation. The character in the new play was a repulsive one, and Mrs. Lovell decided that I should reject the offer. My kind instructress and monitress having left the room, Miss Muloch

took up the conversation, and volunteered her opinion upon the policy of soliciting the advice of friends concerning matters closely connected with our personal interests.

"No persons," said Miss Muloch, "can give advice, because no persons can place themselves in your position sufficiently to enable them to do so. The advice of friends, when followed, is only too often fatal in its consequences. Follow your own instincts; you will find them your best friends and counsellors."

I have more than once in my experience had occasion to endorse this judgment. Throughout my career, whenever I have discarded my own instincts and acted upon the advice of others, I have always sincerely repented of it. The advice of friends has invariably been the rock ahead against which I have stumbled and with difficulty recovered my lost balance. Of course, I am only recounting my own personal experience. There may be exceptions to the rule; if there are, I can only say that it has never been my good fortune to come across one of them.

The accomplished authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," had her opinions upon many subjects. She was not one of my father's adherents. She

did not appreciate him, and she did not appreciate others greater than he. One of her noted sayings was that she never could see any genius in Shakespeare, Milton, or John A. Heraud. Had Miss Muloch desired to pay my father a compliment (which she certainly had not), she had quaintly succeeded in effecting her object. To less critical minds it was a mark of distinction to be sent to Coventry, departing in such illustrious company. A compliment my father considered it to the end of his days.

According to some people Miss Muloch aped singularity in this rejection of the claims of two of the greatest intellects, not only of their day, but of all time. Miss Muloch did not ape singularity; it was her candid opinion.

In the autumn of the year 1854, my father's tragedy of "Videna" was produced at the Marylebone Theatre, then under the management of Mr. and Mrs. James William Wallack. The play was founded upon one of the chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and presented a legend of early Britain. Its success is best attested by the fact, that shortly after its production my father received a cheque for fifty pounds from a gentleman (one Mr. Bliss), a perfect stranger to him, who, after

witnessing the tragedy, took this way of testifying his appreciation of the author's genius. My father had previously received fifty pounds from Mr. Wallack for the right of production. I was at this period fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Phelps to act the character of Marina in the grand spectacular revival of "Pericles" at Sadler's Wells. Of course I could not be present at any of the representations of my father's tragedy. "Videna" was well mounted, and I believe fairly acted. Nevertheless the late Douglas Jerrold, who was present on the eventful "first night," fell foul of the artistes, of course excepting the principals. Meeting my father soon after in Russell Square, Jerrold introduced the subject of "Videna," and complained of the incompetency of some of the actors engaged in it. "Oh," said my father, who was himself perfectly satisfied with the performance and performers, "I cannot see any reason for censuring the actors. Taken as a whole, they form a very good working company." "I make no question," said Jerrold, with a wry shrug of the shoulders, "of the same forming a good *working* company; but in my opinion they're a d——d bad *playing* one."

I have told this anecdote before in "Some

Early Stage Reminiscences"; but this pungent pun perpetrated by the king of wits belongs so essentially to my father's history, that I feel it cannot be omitted here.

Another pun of a somewhat questionable character perpetrated by the late Douglas Jerrold was in connection with one of my father's epics. Perhaps I ought not to record it, but, like the preceding one, I feel it cannot be omitted. "Have you read my 'Descent into Hell'?" asked my father on one occasion of his friend. "I have not," replied Jerrold with a dubious smile; "but I should very much like to see it."

In the year 1855 my father's play of "Wife or No Wife" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. B. Buckstone. It was a somewhat momentous event for me, as I was engaged to sustain the heroine. This play is mentioned in the life of the late E. L. Blanchard as a "well written and ably constructed drama." After its run at the Haymarket I proceeded with it into the Provinces, and played it with considerable success at Liverpool, Cambridge, and elsewhere. On my return to London it was reproduced at the Marylebone. The character of the hero was originally sustained by Mr. Barry Sullivan.

In the spring of the year 1859, while I was fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Newcombe at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, my father summoned me to London to take part in a grand performance of Sophocles' "Antigone," arranged to take place at the Crystal Palace. The engagement was effected through Mr. Henry Nicholls, whose services had been secured for the effective delivery of the male portions of the tragedy. Having received from Mr. Newcombe the necessary permission, I threw up my engagement at Plymouth and arrived in London on the night previous to the day fixed for performance. There was a difficulty attached to the undertaking, inasmuch as a portion of the dialogue of "Antigone" had to be what is called "intoned" to music. "As you understand music," said my father, "this ought not to be a serious impediment."

A copy of the play had been forwarded to me at Plymouth, and I had made myself thoroughly acquainted with the text. A copy of the music had not been forwarded, and the true signification of the word "intoning" was at the time a mystery to me.

A rehearsal of "Antigone" took place the next morning at the Crystal Palace. At twelve o'clock

—the performance was announced for three—I arrived on the huge platform, and was speedily joined by Mr. Henry Nicholls and a few of the musicians. After receiving some vague definitions of the meaning of the term "intoning," I began to understand that I had to harmonise my voice to the instruments, that is, in such passages as Mendelssohn had singled out for his expressive accompaniment. After Antigone's cries of grief and despair, I simply had to wait for the low wailing responses of the orchestra.

The time allowed for rehearsal was short. My father came and asked me if I understood the business. I returned him the equivocal answer "I think I do." A copy of the music was never presented to me. The whole thing appeared in a somewhat shadowy form, but as three o'clock was rapidly approaching, I resolved to dress myself for the occasion and to trust in Providence.

Three o'clock came. The orchestra gave forth its preliminary utterances. I commenced the recitation. Carried away by the spirit of the theme and the grandeur of the music, without any conscious effort, I accommodated my voice to the varying accompaniment, and the plaudits of the audience assured me that the experiment was successful.

My father came to me in great glee. The venture was a hazardous one, and he had been nervous and excited the whole of the day. He never expected that I should fail; but the result exceeded his expectations.

Subsequently, I think it was two years later —I cannot remember the date, and I have preserved no records of the transaction — another performance of "Antigone" was announced to take place at St. James's Hall. On this occasion Miss Glyn had been engaged to declaim the heroine. Creon and the male characters were entrusted to Mr. Ryder. The musical accompaniment proving a stumbling-block, Miss Glyn threw up her engagement. Then inquiries were made for the lady who recited at the Crystal Palace, and my engagement followed as a matter of course.

In due course I received a copy of the music, and I was able to systematise what had previously been—what shall I say?—well, a haphazard experiment. Then I was summoned to several rehearsals at St. James's Hall, and nothing was left to the chapter of chances.

At one of these rehearsals Mr Ryder, while giving vent to Creon's lamentations in the oft-

repeated exclamation, "Woe! woe! woe! woe!" suddenly broke off, saying, "It seems to me there are a lot of woes here!" "Ah!" cried a voice from the orchestra, "you'll come to grief with those woes if you don't take care." To grief (in the shape of a hearty laugh from the spectators) he would probably have come, had Mr. Ryder not disposed of the difficulty by slightly altering the text. Of course, this was taking a liberty with the language of Sophocles; but then, much as we may admire the works of the ancient dramatist, there can be no contesting the fact that four *woes* are too many at a time for any audience.

Apropos of this, I have been told an anecdote of a play called "Sophonisba" which, it is said, on the first night ran smoothly enough with the audience until the hero suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba! Sophonisba!" A little boy in the gallery immediately responded, "Oh, Betsy Baker! Betsy Baker! Betsy Baker!" This facetious sally from the upper region not only disturbed the gravity of the audience, but seriously jeopardised the piece. I do not know when or where "Sophonisba" was produced. I repeat the anecdote to show the danger of re-

petitions when they assume the character of too fervid ejaculations.

Miss Glyn attended the night performance of "Antigone" at St. James's Hall (an afternoon performance had previously taken place), and manifested considerable astonishment at the easy and effective manner in which what she called the "feat" was accomplished. At the same time she acknowledged to my father that it was a very difficult thing to do, and expressed no regret that she had taken herself out of it.

Miss Glyn might be excused for declining to fulfil her engagement. There is a tale told of Mr. Phelps, who, it is said, consented to recite "Athalie" or "Israel in Egypt," I do not know which, at Exeter Hall, when he was placed in a similar juxtaposition with the orchestral accompaniment. After struggling through the recitation, amid the deep responses of the instruments, Mr. Phelps was heard to exclaim as he descended the platform (at least, so runs the story), "I'll never do that d——d thing again!"

From a paper of stray memoirs supplied me by my old friend, the late Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, I extract the following:—

"One evening at our house we introduced to

our old Yorkshire antiquarian friend, Mr. J. K. Walbran, the author of 'The Judgment of the Flood.' Up from his seat started Mr. Walbran, caught Mr. Heraud's hand in both of his, and grasped it with true north-country warmth, while he expressed in no measured tones his delight at meeting the author of so great a book. He had read it and re-read it at the time of its publication, and thought it a wonderful production. Of course, Mr. Heraud and he were on the best of terms at once. This took place but a little while before Mr. Walbran's lamented death."

My father's genius for oratory, or his superabundance of what is commonly called "the gift of the gab," is also thus graphically described by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks:—

"Mr. Heraud's critical acumen was great, his command of language surprising, and in spite of his erudite philosophy I used to delight to hear him take up the cudgels of criticism or debate in the midst of the circle gathered round our fireside. He would stand up and thresh out the subject as if it were a lecture ready prepared to slip from his tongue. There was little chance of any one getting in a word. I had a deep reverence for his knowledge, literary and critical, and fre-

quently, when no strangers were present, have put a question for my own information. He has at once taken his place on the hearthrug, with his back to the fire-grate, and his hands behind him, and talked away for an hour or more without break or pause, and not without pith or point. There was one subject that could always set him going, and that was the beginning of the first chapter of Genesis. I used to think he had written or lectured on that subject at some time or other, for some of his phrases and arguments seemed familiar. I can fancy I see him before me, with his leonine face lit up, and his buttoned frockcoat sitting close to his dignified little figure."

I must supplement this account by stating that practically nobody could argue with my father. I was once with him in the company of a number of literary gentlemen, when he started an abstruse metaphysical discussion. At first they all took up the cudgels against him, and endeavoured to confute his theories. For a time the debate proceeded with persistent fervour. Finally, my father had the conversation entirely to himself, having one by one refuted his opponents' arguments, and reduced to silence the lot of them.

In 1857 my father's adaptation of "Medea,"

with myself in the title-rôle, had been produced with complete success at Sadler's Wells. In 1859 it was reproduced at the Standard.

This version of the play was acknowledged by the public press to be superior to those that had preceded it. It contained passages from the original Greek tragedy of Euripides, and achieved a high reputation.

On its reproduction at the Standard, one of the weekly papers remarked that it was surprising that a play of Greek origin should be acted at the East End—that it should be understood, and its sentiments frequently applauded. Another triumph for the brave Syncretics, another instance of the good effected by the repeal of the Patents. Not only was the Shakespearian and poetic drama enthusiastically welcomed by the million, but the severer Greek tragedy was kindly accepted and appreciated by them. Of the truth of my father's theory that the stage was the popular educator, what further proof was needed?

In January of the year 1866 the dramatic world was startled by the news of the death of the tragedian, Mr. G. V. Brooke, who perished in the wreck of the "London" while journeying to Melbourne. Stories were rife at the time of Mr.

Brooke's courageous conduct in endeavouring to save the ship predestined to destruction. There can be little doubt that he was a brave man and acted the part of a hero.

I remember well, though but a child at that period, the *furore* Brooke created in the character of Othello at the Olympic Theatre, where he made, I believe, his first appearance in London. It was one of those unqualified "hits" that carry all before them. He possessed a marvellous organ, his voice being singularly powerful and melodious, for the exercise of which ample opportunity was afforded in the passionate outbursts of Othello. In after years, owing to illness or some other cause, this fine organ became impaired. But Brooke still retained his popularity, or, perhaps, I should say, the larger portion of it.

The previous year (1865) had seen the issue of my father's well-known book, "The Inner Life of Shakespeare." It was published by Mr. Maxwell in an expensive form. The publisher incurred the risk, and the author consented to receive one half of the eventual profits.

I have heard my father say that except in reputation he was no gainer by the transaction.

The same year saw the appearance upon the

stage of my younger sister, Lucy, under the sobriquet of Miss Marston Leigh. She was very popular in such characters as Ophelia, Desdemona, &c., and she made a decided hit at the Adelphi Theatre as Geraldine in "The Green Bushes."

In 1868 she married Mr. J. L. Warner, son of the celebrated actress previously mentioned in these memoirs. After her secession from the management of Sadler's Wells, Mrs. Warner assumed the management of the Marylebone Theatre (about the year 1847), where she produced a number of the plays of Shakespeare. Ultimately she died of cancer.

After the death of Mr. J. L. Warner, my sister married Mr. James Carden, an American actor, with whom she went to America. She died in Philadelphia on the 6th of January 1897.

In 1867 the death of my mother cast a blank on my father's existence, and created a corresponding gap in our little family circle.

In 1870 my father produced a volume of poems entitled "The Ingathering." "The War of Ideas" appeared in 1871. His two dramatic pieces, "Uxmal," and "Macée de Léodepart," bear the date of 1877. The three books were issued by Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall. Like most poetical works,

they yielded no guerdon to the author. I regret to say that none of my father's poems are at the present time in print.

Mrs. Edward Thomas, known among her more immediate circle as "the poetess," was one of my father's oldest friends, with whom he and my mother were upon terms of great intimacy. She was a woman of good position, and of high intellectual attainments. In 1855 I acted (of course the heroine) in a play by this lady entitled "The Merchant's Daughter of Toulon." In 1870 another play by the same author, entitled "The Wife's Tragedy," in which I also sustained the heroine, was produced at the Standard Theatre. It was just before Christmas. The weather was unusually severe. The new year had barely set in when Mrs. Thomas was thrown on a sick-bed with an attack of pneumonia. Before the echoes of the first night's plaudits had died away on our ears, or the critics had ceased to express their differences, the author of "The Wife's Tragedy" was lying dead in her coffin, surrounded by the trophies of her successful dramatic venture. She was in her seventieth year.

At this period the high-class drama was again upon the decline. The sensational and realistic

drama was then the rage. Poetical plays were seldom accepted by managers. The exponents of the poetic drama found their services in rarer requisition. I then devoted my attention to dramatic readings, lectures, and recitations. My father was advancing in years, and my own health was beginning to decline, a natural consequence of the overwork which from an early period of girlhood had fallen to my share. Still I kept up and toiled, and my father toiled with me. Suddenly, and by myself unexpectedly, the machine gave way. I was thrown upon a bed of sickness, and the exhaustion of nerve-energy resulted in an attack of cerebral congestion which for months deprived me of reason. It must have been a terrible time for my poor aged father; though, from the nature of my malady, I have no recollection of anything that occurred during that calamitous period. The slave of vague terrors and imaginings, I was translated from a world of fact into an unknown shadowy region, where the unreal becomes the only tangible reality, "function is smothered in surmise, and nothing is but what is not."

From this dream of horror and mental tribulation I awoke to find my father—a brother of the Charterhouse.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE CHARTERHOUSE

YES, during my temporary lapse of reason, my father had been offered and accepted a nomination to the Charterhouse. In this cloistered retreat he had consented to pass the remainder of his days, if not supremely happy, at least resigned, and exempt from the greater evils that beset weak, struggling, unsatisfied humanity. My father entered the Charterhouse in the year 1873.

The Charterhouse was originally a priory, intended, I believe, for four and twenty Carthusian monks. This fact few would be disposed to discredit, the huge ponderous gates and frowning walls having about them an air decidedly monastic. It was called "The Salutation of the Mother of God." In 1535 it surrendered to King Henry the Eighth. Ultimately the site was purchased by Thomas Sutton, an accomplished English gentleman, who acquired an immense fortune as a con-

tractor, merchant, and armed privateer. After the death of his wife he became very religious, and resolved to devote the bulk of his property to the institution of a huge charity that should afford a home and independent asylum for a large body of his less fortunate fellow-men. Hence the erection of the Charterhouse upon the site of the old priory, bought up for that purpose. In it many a weary toiler in art, literature, and science has found a welcome rest from his labours, and passed his declining years in comparative ease, luxury, and comfort. Here many a minister of the Gospel has retired from active service, and ended his days in the repose and peacefulness of pious seclusion. Ay, and many others of various grades and denominations have thrown down their heavy burdens, and received a permanent shelter within its cloistered walls.

Thomas Sutton died in 1611.

To return to the subject of these memoirs. My recent severe illness left me with impaired "study" and a chronic nerve disorder, which thoroughly incapacitated me for stage life. I was thus compelled to devote myself exclusively to lectures and dramatic readings; and soon after

I entered the field as a professor of elocution. I also assisted my father as dramatic critic of the "Illustrated London News," to the duties of which his failing health and increasing years rendered him at times unequal.

As I now appear in a new character, that of my father's literary assistant, it will be necessary to break off the thread of my narrative, and supply a few missing links in my own history.

To begin with, I must state that in the old acting days literary work had been to me a pleasant pastime. As a child I had a mania for scribbling, and contrived to acquire a back-handed writing which was quaint and undecipherable. A modest effusion of mine, in the shape of a story in six chapters, was discovered by my father. He seized hold of it, and took it in its rough state to a literary acquaintance who at that time edited, or was connected with, a periodical known as the "Family Herald." This gentleman not only undertook to read my perplexing MS., but actually accepted the story, with the proviso that it should be copied on to one side of the paper only (I had written on both sides), in a hand sufficiently legible for an ordinary printer to be expected to decipher.

This task was undertaken and successfully accomplished by my mother.

The story appeared (1857), and I received £10 for it, which my father remarked was the most sensible part of the transaction. Soon after the "Family Herald" changed hands.

My father now enjoined me to alter my handwriting, and to hit upon a method that should propel my letters forwards and not backwards. As a simple votary of Melpomene, it did not matter in what eccentric guise my writing presented itself; but when I strayed into the author's sacred precincts and dabbled in literature, the case became different. I did not pay much attention to the matter (professional engagements left me no time to devote to improved penmanship) until about the year 1860, when the late Mr. F. G. Tomlins started a periodical called the "Leader and Saturday Analyst," upon which he not only employed my father, but, to my astonishment, offered me a post.

The work proffered did not interfere with professional duties, and as Mr. Tomlins offered me a guinea a column for my contributions, I entertained the proposition. I had to send in two specimen articles for the approval of some person or persons (not Mr. Tomlins) interested in the

speculation. They passed the ordeal, and I was enrolled as a contributor.

Then Mr. F. G. Tomlins fell foul of my calligraphy. I resolved to cut the Gordian knot by placing myself under a writing-master. One held forth in the City Road, who professed to turn a bad handwriting into a good legible one in the course and process of twelve lessons. This gentleman succeeded in getting me out of my old style into no other style under the sun. "Very obliging of him," remarked a friend to whom I unburthened my thoughts on the subject. I went to another writing-master with no better result. Finally, I determined to return to my self-formed hand, and endeavour, as my father advised me, to propel my letters forwards instead of backwards. After some expenditure of time and labour I effected my object. From a back-handed specimen I changed my writing into a more or less forward one.

For a graphic description I must go forward a full decade in the order of time, and relate an anecdote.

When my sister was acting at Drury Lane under the management of Mr. Chatterton, she was informed that the wardrobe-keeper, or some

one who held a similar position in the theatre, had received a letter from myself soliciting free passes to the dress-circle. The lady expressed her surprise that I should write to her instead of writing to Mr. Chatterton, or gaining admission by the presentation of my own card or that of the journal to which my father was attached. On my sister suggesting that I had not written the letter, she exclaimed—

"Oh, I am sure it came from Miss Heraud; it was her handwriting—everybody knows it—all up and down strokes!"

Upon the subject of that mysterious epistle I do not wish to enlarge. The solution of the enigma is not necessary to these memoirs.

While I was employed on the "Saturday Analyst" I received an order from the firm of Messrs. Cassell & Company to write a hand-book of Elocution and Oratory. My writing was at the time undergoing a revolutionary process, and in what hand I accomplished the task I cannot now remember. That I wrote it in a hand of some sort is an indisputable fact. The book (issued in 1860 or 1861, I am not sure which) was in circulation for a number of years, and achieved the object for which it was designed.

For the copyright of this work I received the sum of——I am not sure that I ought to record the amount. I shall therefore leave it blank. My new system of elocution was not written and published until after my father's death; for this reason, except the statement that the book is still in circulation, I shall pass it over without comment.

My father told me of the man (of whom I had not previously heard) who wrote three handwritings—the first nobody could make out, the second the writer could not make out, and the third—the devil himself could not make out. Setting aside this anecdote, there can be no doubt that people are born with proclivities for acquiring good handwritings and bad handwritings; and unquestionably I come under the latter category.

My handwriting now remained unchallenged at the different periodicals to which I contributed. In 1875, when, in consequence of my father's failing health, I appeared to do duty for him at the office of the "Illustrated London News," it was animadverted upon again. This time not seriously, but in a spirit of innocent banter. The editor, when he accepted my articles in lieu of those of my father, would take the manuscript and hold it up to the light, observing that if he got the right

focus the letters would become distinctly legible, —with the MS. placed in an ordinary position they were confused and puzzling. He was a kind, benevolent, venerable gentleman, and a staunch friend of mine; but the means by which I had acquired so unseemly a calligraphy puzzled him exceedingly.

To resume the thread of my narrative. I continued to assist my father, more or less, as his fluctuating health required, until the year 1880, when he accepted his pension from the journal before mentioned, and retired from a post which he had honourably filled for a period of over thirty years. He had been for years in receipt of a pension from the "Athenæum."

I now began to make arrangements at the Anglo-American Agency, conducted by Messrs. Paravicini and Corbyn, to go to America on a reading tour, intending also to appear on the American stage should the sea voyage and change of climate sufficiently recuperate my nerve power. Alas, a fallacious hope! Before the matter could be concluded I was seized with an attack of cerebral congestion, which deprived me for the second time of my reason. I recovered my mental faculties, but my health declined rapidly, and the

medical fiat, unwillingly pronounced, told me that the stage and the platform were for me things of the past. Things of the past they ultimately proved. Notwithstanding my efforts to recover my lost energy, I was destined to appear upon them—never again in this world.

Stricken with an incurable malady, my sphere of action became necessarily limited, confined in fact to my own lodging and the Charterhouse, where I went constantly to administer to the wants and cheer the solitude of my aged father. Of course I came in contact with many of the brethren. Mr. J. Madison Morton, the author of "Box and Cox," was a notable member of the fraternity. Like many other notable persons he was an oddity in his way, and now and then said terse things. On one occasion he came into my father's room and complained of his growing physical incapacity. I remember saying to him, "What a thing it is, Mr. Morton, that as we grow older we go downwards, become incapable of effort, and finally have to drop off the perch altogether." "Yes," said Madison Morton dryly, "and I think it's very hard."

I must now relate a little family romance which in the year 1885 created a sensation, not only in

our own immediate circle, but among many of the inmates of the Charterhouse.

I shall begin with the preliminary statement that my elder brother, John Lockhart Heraud, previously mentioned in these memoirs, had left England for America, five and twenty years before, under a cloud.

For several years he corresponded with the members of his family. Suddenly the correspondence ceased. Our letters remained unanswered, and for twenty years we received no tidings of him. Our more immediate friends concluded that he was dead. As the years sped on into two long decades our hopes and speculations were abandoned, and we also came to the conclusion that my brother had passed away.

In the summer of the year 1885 I was sitting one afternoon in the little front parlour of my lodging at Islington. I was unusually unwell, and confined to my apartment. Suddenly I heard the sound of cab-wheels outside, followed by a loud knock at the street door, on opening which, I discovered my father, accompanied by Miss Stone, the kind matron of the Charterhouse. He was in a state of great excitement; the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the hand he placed in mine

quivered with emotion. I led him into the parlour and placed him in a chair. At the same time I cast an inquiring glance at Miss Stone, who immediately answered: "Do not be alarmed, Miss Heraud. Your father is overcome with the good news. Presently he will tell you."

"Good news!" I exclaimed, drawing a breath of relief, "I feared the reverse."

My father did not speak; but he inserted his hand in his pocket and drew thence a letter, which he gave me, the tears still rolling down his cheeks, and his whole frame trembling with passion. I knew the handwriting—it was that of my long-lost brother. The envelope contained the unique inscription—

JOHN A. HERAUD,
AUTHOR,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Through the medium of my brother in the General Post-Office the letter reached its destination.

"Open it," said my father convulsively, "open it, and read it—it will tell its own story."

I opened the missive. The first thing that caught my eye, the address at the top of the

enclosure, explained the cause of my father's agitation—

J. L. HERAUD,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
LOGANSPORT,
INDIANA.

The contents of the letter are still vivid in my memory. My brother solicited his father's pardon for his long silence and the error of his early manhood, to redeem which he had been working and toiling for five-and-twenty weary years. That he had succeeded was best shown by the office he held, to which he had been elected by the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens. These joyful tidings, however, were not without an alloy. My brother was afflicted with a cancer, for which he was about to undergo an operation that might prove fatal. Fearing the worst, he had been seized with an ardent longing to hear from his father and friends in England. Hence this letter. My brother also stated that he was known to the ex-Judge Supreme of Indiana, who was also an author, and would testify to his (my brother's) character and efficient discharge of his magisterial duties.

My father threw up his arms in a kind of

ecstasy. "I knew I was living for something," he exclaimed; "this puts the crown on my old age."

Subsequently my father received a letter from the ex-judge, in which he stated that he had known my brother for about twenty years; that he was a good man, an excellent American citizen, and at that time a Justice of the Peace. The ex-judge also stated that he had heard of my father's name before he knew my brother. This letter conveyed to us the intelligence that my father's reputation had penetrated across the Atlantic.

It only remains to state that my brother passed safely through the ordeal (operation) referred to. In less than three years afterwards, he succumbed to his disorder, having survived his father a period of twelve short months.

CHAPTER X

THE CLOSING SCENE

I NOW come to the closing act of my father's life—the composition of his last poem.

"The Sibyl among the Tombs," an elegy written in a London churchyard, was suggested by a little adventure which I met with in Islington churchyard, and which I have described in a short introduction to the poem; it will not, therefore, be necessary to recapitulate it here. Suffice it that my father was in his eighty-seventh year, and that the poem was constructed upon the lines of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but breathing a different spirit. Whereas Gray's beautiful lines are full of regrets for unaccomplished purposes, and the absorption in the grave of all human achievements, the new elegy exemplifies the truth that in this world there is nothing to regret, but all to rejoice at. But it is not my intention to give an exposition of my father's poem; I simply wish to draw the reader's attention to the points of distinction that characterise the two elegies.

The poem appeared by slow instalments. My father's great age and bodily infirmities only enabled him to add a couple of lines a day. It was written in his little cosy room in the Charterhouse. When the master or any of the brethren visited him in the morning they would find him asleep in his chair, the pen in his hand, and the paper on the table, on which they could perceive the unfinished line, in the composition of which he had been engaged when he had fallen into a comfortable doze. In this manner "The Sibyl among the Tombs," an elegy in a London churchyard, was produced and published locally.

The reputation of the poem, issued in 1886, soon penetrated beyond the neighbourhood of Islington. It received a cordial reception from the newspaper critics, by one of whom it was styled "a curiosity of literature." A gentleman in Cambridge who wrote to me upon the subject graphically remarked, "It is gratifying to think that a friend of Southey is still living and writing poetry, preserving to us the taste of the age of the giants."

A skit upon the poem also appeared in "Fun." Of this I shall only give the concluding lines :—

"At Sadler's Wells, in grand old Phelps's days,
Poor Heraud's tragedies found approbation.
He now hath nought to live on but his lays;
So buy his 'Sibyl,' 'twill deserve your praise,
His poems never called for Sibyllation."

This pun upon the word "Sibyl" had not suggested itself to my father; or, as he afterwards remarked, he should probably have chosen another title. But as the facetious writer's two-edged weapon had been used for and not against him, the matter assumed no ultimate importance.

I cannot state the precise period at which my father wrote "An Evening Song." I discovered it among his more immediate papers, evidently a recent production, after his death. My father apparently did not intend the verses for publication. They were simply an outpouring of the spirit. Regarded as a prophetic utterance, foreshadowing his own end, they possess a peculiar interest, and I subjoin them:

AN EVENING SONG.

"Sing to the Lord; sing a new song.
All praises unto Him belong.
He works His wonders on the deep,
He gives to His belovèd sleep.

His presence from the proud He takes,
The humble heart He ne'er forsakes.
The slave He rescues from the oar,
And sets him free in dreams to soar.

No leisure wealthy care permits,
But for the safety trembling sits
Of that whose wings are spread for flight,
And let him rest not day nor night.

God grants His gifts to whom He will,
And bids the stormy winds be still:
What pleaseth Him to do He doth,
Serenely stern, but never wroth.

Sing to the Lord; sing a new song.
All praises unto Him belong.
He works His wonders on the deep,
And gives to the belovèd sleep."

At this time my father handed me a letter from the late Lord Coleridge (Lord Chief-Justice), which he enjoined me to take charge of, as he prized it highly. The letter was dated two years earlier, but my father had not previously alluded to it. I am in possession of several letters from Lord Coleridge to my father, but this one alone requires especial comment. With the kind permission of Lady Coleridge, I include it in these memoirs. It runs as follows:—

"1 SUSSEX SQUARE, W.,
18*th May* 1884.

"DEAR SIR,—First let me thank you for sending me the very interesting volume — interesting in itself and in all the circumstances connected

with it—which I received from you yesterday afternoon.

"Next let me say that your name has been familiar to me for nearly fifty years. My uncle, Henry Nelson Coleridge, died more than forty years since, and from him I used to hear a great deal of your literary merit, and of his great desire that it should receive that general recognition which he thought it deserved. Anything, therefore, which I could do to show my respect for your character and genius I should feel in a manner bound, as well as happy, to do.

"But what you ask me is, I am sorry to say, entirely beyond my power. My duties in Court and in Parliament are enough to consume a large part of every day, and they leave me, at my age, though much less than yours, very weary and tired, both in mind and body. But I have also to make all the arrangements and conduct the business of a great division of the High Court, consisting of fifteen judges, and what the public sees is but a portion, sometimes not the largest portion, of my day's work. If I had the ability, which I really and truly have not, I have not the time to consider and to give advice upon the very interesting literary questions as to which you are good enough to consult me.

"Pray excuse me, and attribute not to the want of will, but to the absence of power, the answer I am compelled to return to a letter which has not only interested me, but for many reasons very deeply touched me.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, COLERIDGE."

"JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ."

I do not know the nature of the interesting literary questions upon which my father consulted Lord Coleridge. He volunteered me no information on the subject. His mind was now constantly running on the "Wordsworthian and Coleridgean Poetry," examples of excellence by which he swore. It may be interesting to state that in former years my father had been acquainted with S. T. Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, Sarah Coleridge, and Henry Nelson Coleridge, the latter of whom is referred to in the late judge's letter.

After the publication of "The Sibyl among the Tombs," I received a letter from Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who has since, I believe, written a life of his grandfather, S. T. Coleridge, soliciting permission to visit my father in the Charterhouse. I arranged a meeting, and my father came in contact with one of the latest scions of that distinguished family.

Up to this period my father had manifested much interest and rejoiced exceedingly in the success of his last poem. He had seemed to attach more importance to this pious, humble, final endeavour than to any of his former elaborate productions. Suddenly there came a change. He grew listless and apathetic, and scarcely listened to me when I spoke to him of matters connected with the elegy. A terrible fear took possession of me, a fear which I saw was shared by the doctor and other officials of the Charterhouse. My father was succumbing to the heavy burden of years that pressed upon him.

I am now about to relate an incident which I leave the reader to interpret according to his (or her) preconceived notions and theories on such matters.

My father had retired early to rest, feeling exhausted, and possessed of an unusual amount of apathy and languor. He could not sleep, as he afterwards declared to me, but had his eyes wide open during the long weird hours of the night. Suddenly he started; a male figure in the guise of a monk was sitting in the arm-chair near the table on which he himself had so recently written his elegy. My father rubbed his eyes and looked again; the figure was still there, gazing

persistently at him, its arms folded, and seeming to say to him, to repeat his own words, "There are you, John Abraham Heraud; and here am *I*, your spiritual confessor." My father remembered a story told him in the Charterhouse to the effect that the old Carthusian monks, who were still supposed to haunt the precincts, appeared to the brethren shortly before their death, as a premonitory sign of their approaching end. As this thought flashed upon him, my father gave a shriek that penetrated through the building, and brought the night-nurse from the room above down into his dormitory. But the spectre (if spectre it were) was gone.

The adventure had a terrible effect upon him. The explanation given him by some of the brethren that he had been sleeping, and that on awaking he had been under the influence of an optical illusion, he at once repudiated. "No," he persisted; "I had not closed my eyes the whole night previous to the visitation." Arguments failed to convince him. In former years, when possessed of health and engaged in the active pursuits of life, my father would have laughed at such an incident; now it troubled him, rendered him restless and nervous, and disinclined to the solitude of his own chamber.

It is a singular fact that a short time after this strange *rencontre* my father was seized with his last illness.

I am not superstitious and I am not sceptical. To cherish a decided opinion either way I should consider an act of presumption. I prefer to steer a middle course in matters that lie beyond my ken. Those, however, who may feel disposed to scoff at the story, I answer in the words of our immortal bard:—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

With this apt quotation I dismiss the subject.

My father expired in the Charterhouse on the 20th of April 1887. Calmly, peacefully, in the true spirit of Christian resignation, he yielded his soul to his Maker.

He was buried in our family grave at Finchley. The rites were conducted in accordance with the rules of the Charterhouse, which decree that the body shall be taken from the deceased's apartment, through the grounds to the chapel, where it is placed in front of the holy table, while the psalms and hymns are read. It is then borne through the grounds again and placed in the hearse to be taken to its final resting-place.

On the morning of the 24th of April 1887, the tolling of the Charterhouse bell announced to the brethren that one of their fraternity was about to be consigned to his last home. The coffin containing the mortal remains was lifted on to the shoulders of the undertakers, and borne, followed by the mourners in slow procession, along the grounds to the chapel. There the usual prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Le Bas, the chaplain. The coffin was then conveyed to the hearse that waited outside to bear it to the cemetery.

A proof that my father still retains a place among the roll of literary Englishmen of the nineteenth century is evidenced by the following account of him over the initials "G. C. B.," which I extract from the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee: "John Abraham Heraud (1799–1887) was born in the parish of St. Andrews, Holborn, on July 5, 1799. His father, James Abraham Heraud, of Huguenot descent, a law stationer, first in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and then at 25 Bell Yard, Temple Bar, died at Tottenham, Middlesex, on May 6, 1846, having married Jane, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hides; she died August 2, 1850. John Abraham, the son, was privately educated, and originally intended for busi-

ness, but in 1818 began writing for the magazines. His knowledge of German, then a rare accomplishment, secured him a conspicuous position. He attached himself to the school of Schelling, and endeavoured to popularise the speculations of that philosopher in England. In 1820 he published his local poem 'Tottenham,' and in 1821 his 'Legends of St. Loy.' He was an author of varied erudition, and made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems 'The Descent into Hell,' 1830, and 'The Judgment of the Flood,' 1834. He was in poetry what John Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His 'Descent' and 'Judgment' are psychological curiosities, evincing much misplaced power. He had a large circle of acquaintances, including Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Lockhart. With the Carlyles he was very intimate, assisting them in their house-hunting, and it was partly on his recommendation that the house 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was taken in 1834. He wrote for the 'Quarterly' and other reviews, and from 1830 to 1833 assisted in editing 'Fraser's Magazine.' He edited 'The Sunbeam, a Journal devoted to Polite Literature,' in 1838 and 1839; the 'Monthly Magazine,' from 1839 to 1842; and subsequently the 'Christian's Monthly Magazine.'

In 1843 he became a contributor to the 'Athenæum,' and afterwards served as its dramatic critic until his retirement in 1868. Heraud was a born critic of acting. His memory carried him back to John Kemble and Edmund Kean. He was himself the writer of several dramas. The tragedy of 'Videna' was acted at the Marylebone Theatre with success in 1854, and 'Wife or No Wife' and a version of M. Legouve's 'Medea' were afterwards produced with equal favour. From 1849 to 1879 he was also the dramatic critic of the 'Illustrated London News.' Ultimately he was in receipt of a pension from that journal as well as from the 'Athenæum.' On July 21, 1873, on the nomination of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, he was appointed a brother of the Charterhouse, Charterhouse Square, London, where he died on April 20, 1887. On May 15, 1823, he married, at Old Lambeth Church, Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Baddams, and by her, who died at Islington on September 21, 1867, had two children, Claudius William Heraud, of Woodford, and Edith Heraud, an actress. Heraud was the author of—1, 'The Legend of St. Loy, with other Poems,' 1820; 2, 'Tottenham,' a poem, 1820; 3, 'The Descent into Hell,' a poem, 1830; second edition, to which are added 'Uriel,' a fragment, and three odes;

4, 'A Philosophical Estimate of the Controversy respecting the Divine Humanity,' 1831; 5, 'An Oration on the Death of S. T. Coleridge,' 1834; 6, 'The Judgment of the Flood,' a poem, 1834, new edition, 1857; 7, 'Substance of a Lecture on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power,' 1837; 8, 'Voyages up the Mediterranean of William Robinson, with Memoirs,' 1837; 9, 'Expediency and Means of Elevating the Profession of the Educator,' a prize essay, printed in the 'Educator,' 1839; 10, 'The Life and Times of G. Savonarola,' 1843; 11, 'Salvator, the Poor Man of Naples,' a dramatic poem, 1845; 12, 'Videna; or, The Mother's Tragedy: a Legend of Early Britain,' 1854; 13, 'The British Empire,' written in conjunction with Sir A. Alison and others, 1856; 14, 'Henry Butler's Theatrical Directory and Dramatic Almanack,' edited by J. A. Heraud, 1860; 15, 'Shakespeare: his Inner Life, as intimated in his Works,' 1865; 16, 'The Wreck of the "London,"' a lyrical ballad, 1866; 17, 'The Ingathering,' 'Cimon and Pero,' 'A Chain of Sonnets,' 'Sebastopol,' &c., 1870; 18, 'The War of Ideas,' a poem, &c., 1871; 19, 'Uxmal: an Antique Love Story,' 'Macée de Léodepart: an Historical Romance,' 1877; 20, 'The Sibyl among the Tombs,' 1886.' Mr. Heraud entered the Charterhouse on July 2,

1873, and it may be recorded here that he was the last of the little band of Englishmen—among whom were Scott and Carlyle—that had sent a present to Goethe on his eightieth birthday."

More or less extensive reference is also made to my father in "Men of the Time" and other biographical works, but as they all traverse well-known ground, it is not necessary to refer to them further here. Referring to the above extract, however, I would point out one or two errors into which the writer "G. C. B." has fallen, viz., that my parents had more than two children; that my father commenced writing for the magazines long before the year 1848; and that his retirement from his post on the "Illustrated London News" was in the year 1880, and not in the year 1879, as stated.

I now leave my memoir of the late Mr. John A. Heraud in the hands of a discriminating, just, and generous public.

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